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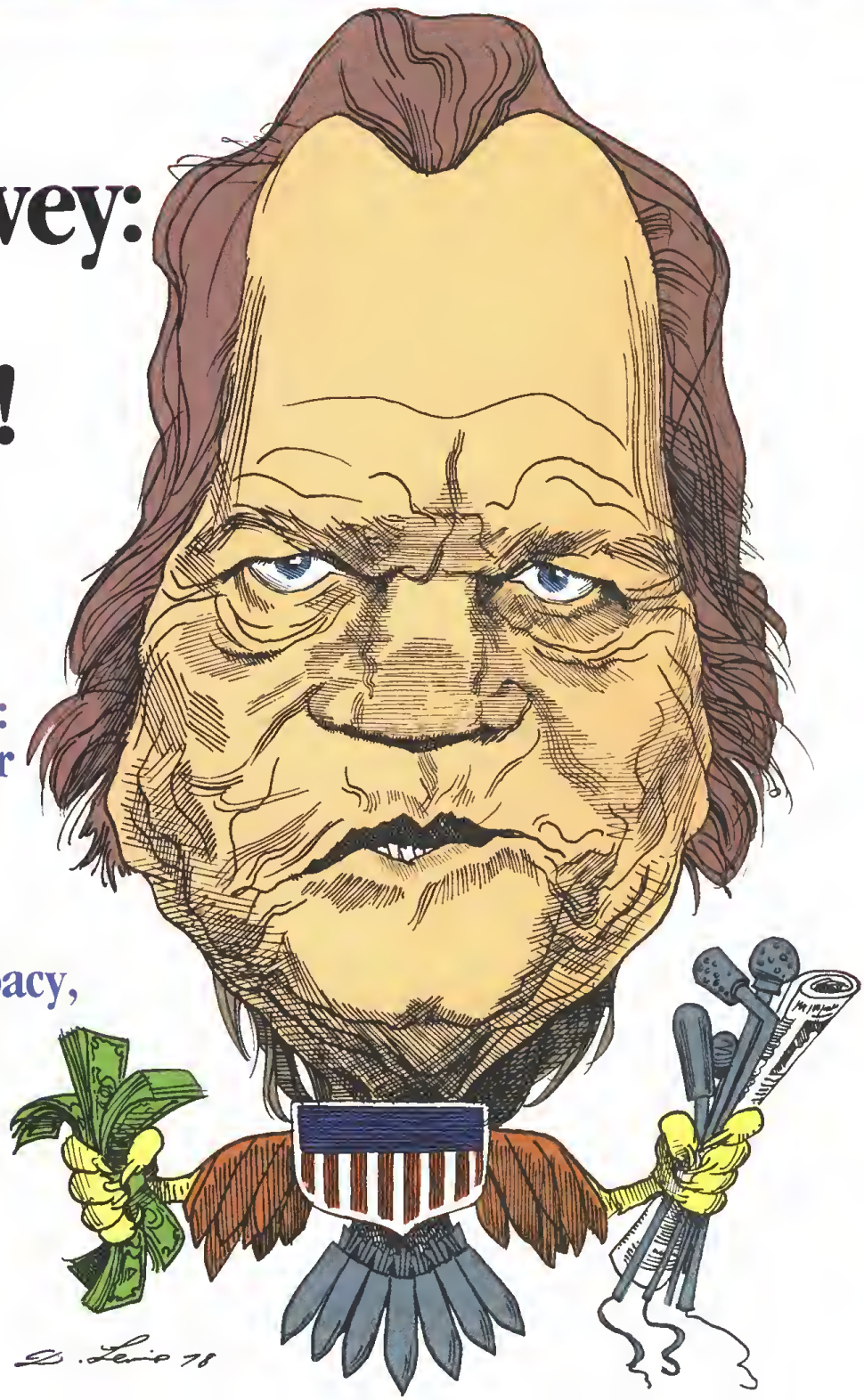
The *Real* Paul Harvey: Stand By For News!

Wallace and Me: The End of the Road, By James Wooten

Golfer Johnny Miller: The Selling of a Loser

New Fiction By Tom McGuane

The Agony of the Papacy, By Morris West



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He orders a rare burger and it comes well done.
And yesterday his favorite team set a record.
For consecutive losses.

But his wife called today just to say "I love you."
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IT'S NOT COMPONENTS
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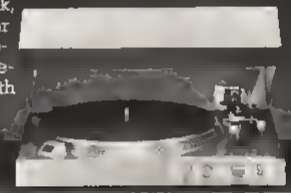
OK, next the turntable. It's semi-automatic, direct drive and has the same specially engineered motor as in our best component turntables. Plus here's yet another Sony feature: our Scratchguard cueing which makes it practically impossible to scratch your records. And what touches your prized records is the best: a diamond stylus magnetic cartridge.

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HST 48 with PS 212 turntable and SS 440 speakers on SS 42 rack.

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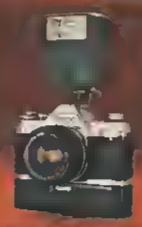
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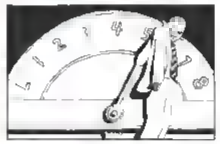
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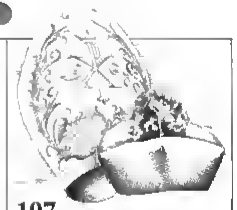
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Backstage with Esquire

Our Brash Reporter


Wilham Brashler

My first encounter with Paul Harvey in the flesh was at 4:30 one morning last August in downtown Chicago. Harvey cordially invited me—although it was quite unscheduled and unexpected—inside his office and proceeded to work on for about ten minutes before asking me to leave. "I'm kind of a lone wolf, Bill, and your presence here makes me kind of uncomfortable." He later instructed his secretary to cancel all arrangements we'd made for personal interviews.

Harvey's resistance to a profile thoroughly piqued my interest. What followed was research in the style of the sleuthing I'd done to write articles and a book about the Mafia—including, oddly enough, sources every bit as secretive and cautious as those I had dealt with in looking at organized crime. I continued to follow Harvey to lectures, television appearances, to work and back.

Finally, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, I couldn't resist a last encounter. After observing him from a few feet away for close to a half hour as he autographed copies of his son's book, I bought a copy and got in line. I got to him with it; he smiled, not recognizing me. "Just sign it for Bill Brashler, that abrasive young writer," I said. (He had described me as "abrasive" in a last-minute call to my Esquire editor, attempting to delay the story.)

Harvey smiled, began to scribble, then suddenly looked up. "Oh, my goodness, Bill," he said. "You live in Tulsa?" I told him no, that I was there to see him, and he asked why I hadn't flown down in his jet. I suggested that I fly back to Chicago with him, and he suddenly straightened up, as if remembering who I was and what I was about. It wasn't possible, he said, adding that we couldn't talk until the first of the year. In barely legible script, he finished signing the book: "Hi, Bill. Paul Harvey. Good news!"

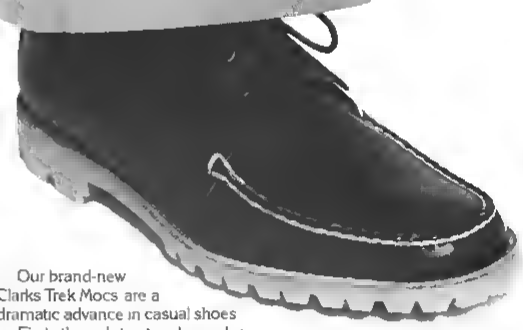
Not the most original of inscriptions and not very accurate, all things considered. But I kind of like it.

—Wilham Brashler

Photograph by Steve Kagan



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Our brand-new Clarks Trek Mocs are a dramatic advance in casual shoes.

First, their distinctive lug soles are rugged but pliant. Sturdy yet soft and flexible on your feet. So their comfort stays right in step with you.

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The Sound and The Fury

Three Strikes and One Out

Not since David slingshotted Goliath 3,000 years ago has a writer drawn a finer parallel than the one Richard Reeves achieved [Media: "The Iseman Cometh," October 10] in assessing how Johnny-come-lately Rupert Murdoch is preparing to lay low two publishing giants, the *Daily News* and *The New York Times*.

What a spectacle: Rupert Murdoch, publisher of the failing *New York Post*, leading to economic slaughter the traditionally prosperous *Daily News* and the now in-the-black *New York Times*.

While Murdoch's other publications (*The Village Voice*, *The Star*, *New York* magazine) coin cash hand over fist, the *Times* and the *News* are padlocked.

Can't the other publishers see through Murdoch's cover as president of the New York Publishers Association? And isn't it time the two publishing giants bring this to an end as Reeves and other respectable newspapermen hope?

John Randazzo
Daily News
New York, N.Y.

Richard Reeves seems to be terribly angry about Fred Iseman and *The New York Daily Metro*. But hasn't Reeves forgotten something rather important: the public's right to know?

Do you remember a few years ago, when the press so valiantly patrolled the ramparts of freedom: publishing secret government documents and, as they informed us, keeping tyranny at bay? At that time we heard a lot about the hideous dangers implicit in government without newspapers.

Terrors! What might the government be up to without the good gray lady there to keep it honest? Frankly, I sleep a little better at night knowing that Mr. Iseman has taken it upon himself to man those otherwise dangerously deserted ramparts.

Tom Bethell
Harper's magazine
Washington, D.C.

Richard Reeves replies: *This letter is apparently about a different piece. I'm not angry with Fred Iseman, Tom Bethell, the labor movement, or the public.*

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

by Richard Reeves

Senator Kissinger

His ego is up to New York standards, but is he a political street fighter?



The state of New York has always believed that the major flaw in the Constitution of the United States is that New Yorkers are only allowed the same number of U.S. Senators as, say, Indiana. To make up for that obvious unfairness, we send more ego to Washington than lesser states seem capable of producing. Our senior senator, Jacob Javits, once won the hearts of Broadway by going on television—this was in 1966—to announce that he deserved to be Vice-President because of all he had done for the American people. And, so far, New York is the only state that Howard Cosell has volunteered to represent in the world's greatest deliberative body.

Now Henry Kissinger.

"Kissinger is catnip in New York politics these days," wrote David Broder of *The Washington Post*, "and his prospective bid for the Empire State's Senate seat is ... Well, it's a lot of fun, and conversations about it have saved more than one dinner party. At one party recently, only three people disagreed with the prevalent wisdom that the former Secretary of State was politically invincible. The three dissidents were reporters; their consensus was that Kissinger was about to make a god-damned fool of himself and would be eaten alive by the piranhas and realities of New York politics.

"It will be Arthur Goldberg all over again," said a local political reporter of some note—and power. The entertainment level of New York politics has been in steady decline since Goldberg came out of the West—everything is west of New York—and the U.S. Supreme Court and the United Nations, in 1970, and offered himself as governor. "Winning's not important," Goldberg said early in that campaign, telling coronary-prone Democratic leaders, "I have only one campaign promise: no patronage jobs." The former justice secretary and ambassador came in like a lion—polls showed he would defeat Nelson Rockefeller by twenty-five points—and was carried out a pompous lamb, slaughtered.

Kissinger would certainly start out way ahead," said David Garth, the television consultant who many people believe could get Yasir Arafat elected to the New York City Council. "He has everything—name identification, star quality, and credibility. But as the campaign wore on? If he loses his cool—and he probably would—his hardness will be a big handicap on the tube. He would find out that the reporters of New York are not as tame as the ones he's used to."

The man himself is having a great time with all of this, going to Republican fund raisers and making cracks about being the nominee of all parties. He probably means that, since he has never been that big on democracy. He seems to mean it all. He's certainly talked to enough people around New York about it and about the generic reality that if Javits ran again in 1980, he'd be eighty-two years old when his term ended.

"What else is he going to do?" asked his nemesis William Safire, whose White House telephone was tapped with Kissinger's approval. "Spend his life sitting around giving interviews and hoping for a shot to be Secretary of State again?"

Unfortunately, some of the power along the way to the Senate is with the genuinely and delightfully nasty New York press corps, which is dying to get Kissinger down to their level and chat about a few things like wiretapping, bombing, paranoia, and the money he has gotten over the years from the Rockefellers. Some is with the grubby "leaders" of the state Republican Party, who are salivating at the prospect of getting more Rockefeller money into the political process. Some is with the state's junior senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who is still nursing the hurts of the screwing he got from the Secretary of State when he was ambassador to the United Nations. Some is with Jack Javits, who is not going to quit without trying to slip a scalpel into a couple of key areas. And there's always Jack Kemp, the tax cutter, who plans to run against Javits and might do the same to Kissinger in a Republican primary.

Maybe Kissinger understands all this and what's really going on is book promotion. I hope not. I want to travel with him. In the old days, reporters who weren't members of the senior official fan club were denied seats on Kissinger planes. This time we'll be along for the ride. ■

Richard Reeves is the national editor of Esquire magazine.

Illustration by David Levine

Will the Prime Top 12%?

The last time it happened, the DJI tumbled to 577. Can it happen again?

Being the nation's largest bank, Citibank's views on interest rates—which influence everything, from what it costs to borrow to how the stock market is apt to perform—are of major interest to a lot of people. To the world at large, the bank, in its widely read monthly economic letter, is pretty much echoing the consensus with the observation: "Peaks in (interest) rates probably are not yet in sight . . . and without significant reduction in inflation . . . it is impossible to expect any major, lasting easing (of these rates)." Inside the bank, however, the perception of interest rates is much grimmer. Citibank expects them to go through the roof over the short run.

This is evident from an internal memo that was recently circulated to all Citibank officers by the bank's all-important Asset & Liability Management Policy Committee, the official rate setter for all of the bank's business (from lending to investing). For competitive reasons, the internal Citibank forecasts—which include the "pool rate" (the bank's own projected borrowing costs)—are kept under wraps. However, I've managed to get my mitts on a copy of those projections (which are detailed in an accompanying chart), and they show Citibank is now aligning itself with a small but growing minority that believes short-term rates will *not* follow the generally anticipated scenario of topping out in the first quarter of 1979. And, in fact, Citibank expects them to continue to rise right into early 1980. Significantly, the extreme is no longer the extreme.

Take a look at its projections for the prime rate (the rate at which banks lend money to their best customers). The bank sees the prime jumping from its present 10 percent (which, as you can see, is ahead of its own projections) to 11.5 percent in early 1980—signifying significant credit-tightening. In the very same period, the bank expects ninety-day Treasury bills to increase their yield from the recent 8.2-percent level to 9.25 percent. A solid rise is also anticipated in the amount of interest that corporations are going to have to offer investors to buy their commercial paper (essentially corporate IOUs). For example, ninety-day commercial paper, according to Citibank's calculations, should yield 10.25 percent in the first quarter of 1980 versus the recent 8.6 percent.

If Citibank is right, it's a scary outlook, especially for the small businessman with inventories to finance. He'll be creamed by the higher charges. Big business would invariably slow expansion, and a recession—perhaps a severe one—would surely follow. There'd also be a lot more people out of work. And if the past is any barometer, stock and bond prices would take a drubbing. You'll note (as the chart shows) the prime hit its peak in 1974, a hefty 12 percent, and in that year the Dow Jones Industrials tumbled to around 577.

As dreadful as all of this sounds, it should be kept in mind that Citibank's projections are mere estimates, subject, as estimates always are, to revision. It's also worth noting there are some plusses to be derived from a tight-credit, high-interest-rate picture. In brief, lower inflation from reduced economic vigor and improvements in both the dollar and the balance of payments deficit as a result of the sharply increased foreign capital that would flow into the United States to capitalize on the higher interest rates.

In the case of the stock market, some analysts argue that equities—even allowing for spiraling interest rates—would likely fare better this time than in 1974. For one thing, they note that in the face of some bleak interest rate forecasts, the market's not falling out of bed. They also contend

An Inside Look at Citibank's Scary Scenario

	Ninety-day Treasury-bill Rate	Ninety-day Commercial-paper Rate	Prime Rate	Pool* Rate
1977 Actual	5.28%	5.55%	6.83%	6.03%
1978 Budget	6.60	7	8.25	7.60
1978 Forecast	7.05	7.60	8.85	8.45
1979 Forecast	8.65	9.45	10.70	10.35
1980 Forecast	8.75	9.55	10.80	10.35
Next twelve months (Oct. 1978–Sept. 1979)	8.40	9.06	10.31	9.96
First quarter 1977	4.64	4.74	6.25	5.14
Second quarter 1977	4.85	5.17	6.48	5.53
Third quarter 1977	5.49	5.74	6.91	6.21
Fourth quarter 1977	6.12	6.55	7.68	7.21
First quarter 1978	6.41	6.75	7.99	7.41
Second quarter 1978	6.52	7.16	8.28	7.94
Third quarter 1978	7.30	8.05	9.30	9
Fourth quarter 1978	8	8.50	9.75	9.45
First quarter 1979	8.20	8.75	10	9.65
Second quarter 1979	8.50	9.25	10.50	10.15
Third quarter 1979	8.90	9.75	11	10.60
Fourth quarter 1979	9.05	10	11.25	10.90
First quarter 1980	9.25	10.25	11.50	11.10
Second quarter 1980	9.10	10	11.25	10.85
Third quarter 1980	8.75	9.50	10.75	10.30
Fourth quarter 1980	7.90	8.50	9.75	9.20
Recent rate	8.161	8.6	9.75	
All-time high (1974)	9.908	11.9	12	

*Pool rate is the bank's own internal costs of funds.

Dan Dorfman reports on the business and financial world in each issue.



It's time to think about Christmas

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stocks are relatively cheap in relation to alternative investments (such as art and real estate), further, that positive gains would accrue to the market in the event, as some expect, cuts are made in capital gains taxes. It's also felt big pools of foreign capital might well move into the "safe haven" of the U.S. to capitalize on any major drop in stock prices.

Still, there's no denying that sharply increased interest rates would scare the dickens out of a lot of investors. And if you talk to one of the brightest economic minds around, Albert Wojnilower of First Boston Corporation, you can't help but walk away scared.

"We're following the British example," he says, pointing to an earlier jump in long-term interest rates on United Kingdom government bonds of 16.5 to 17 percent and soaring inflation rates of 25 percent. (These rates have since subsided to 8-percent inflation and 12-percent bonds.) "England's come down [in its rates], but we're going up," says Wojnilower, who believes the U.S. is now on a course "where we can approach or even exceed twelve percent in the prime rate." His chief reasoning: lack of controls and restrictions on interest rates and extension of credit. He reiterated that the U.S. "is in the relatively early and euphoric state of inflation" and offered the rather grim observation: "There's no man on a horseback to step in and do something . . . and Carter's not the one because speeches and more speeches are not enough."

I felt like rushing out and buying some Swiss francs.

Strange Doings at Bank of America: What Made the Heir Apparent Quit?



BERT VON SCHAEWEN

Rice: Giving up a throne for peanuts.

You're fifty-four and you're pulling down about $150,000 a year as vice-chairman of Bank of America (B of A), the biggest in the country, where you're running the world banking division (with over $40 billion in assets). What's more, you're widely viewed as the heir apparent to current B of A chief A.W. "Tom" Clausen, and that job would immediately make you one of the most powerful business figures in America. What more could any corporate executive want?

Well, apparently it wasn't enough for Alvin C. Rice, who quit the bank suddenly and unexpectedly last August 15 and then was unreachable for the next ten days. It just didn't make any sense, and B of A added to the mystery by refusing to talk about it. Rumors began to swirl, and ethical questions were soon raised. In late August, Rice called a press conference to clear it all up. He explained that he left the bank to join a West Coast inventor in the development of a commercial application for a new fuel-saving process (which, as it turned out, wasn't very new). He also insisted there wasn't any development at the bank that prompted his resignation and stressed, "In no way was there any conflict between me and the bank."

Rice, of course, is entitled to his view. But one could easily get a decidedly contrary opinion from a confidential report B of A recently fired off to the comptroller of currency's office. The report, requested by the comptroller's office following the flood of rumors that arose after Rice's resignation, clearly shows that the B of A official got himself caught in a conflict-of-interest web by personally benefiting from Bank of America real estate loans that were obtained through his influence. In brief, loans were granted (thanks to Rice), properties were acquired and, Washington sources tell me, Rice shared in the profits as a silent, undisclosed partner when the properties were sold. Rice reportedly participated in several such transactions with one or more partners.

Did all of this lead to Rice's forced resignation? Rice himself was unavailable, so one can only offer some conjecture. It's no secret, though, that Clausen, one of the most impressive bankers I've ever met, is a stickler for corporate integrity. In fact, he's been outspoken on the subject. Clearly, Rice's actions are not in keeping with Clausen's (and B of A's) code of ethics.

Now, you may just wonder, as I did, how well Rice fared in his extracurricular activities. Alas, it was nothing to write home about—"Well under $100,000," says one source. If that's so, one has to commiserate with Rice. It's not every day someone gives up a throne for peanuts.

Noncommunications at Warner Communications

From time to time I like to keep you up to date on those swinging folks at Warner Communications. Last March, for example, I reported that the Securities and Exchange Commission was investigating Warner chief Steve Ross and other Warner officials to see whether any of those high livers had gone overboard on the use of corporate "perks" at stockholder expense. More recently, two Warner executives, Jay Emmett, a member of the all-important office of the president (which essentially runs the company), and Solomon Weiss, assistant treasurer, were named in court papers as recipients of a $50,000 bribe for allegedly influencing Warner to buy stock in the now defunct Westchester Premier Theatre. And yet another Warner official, promotion executive Leonard Horwitz, was one of ten men indicted on a twenty-four-count violation of federal offenses, including racketeering and stock fraud, in connection with that very same theater.

After hearing all this hair-raising stuff—which has had a negative effect on Warner shares—I rang up Bob Rolontz to find out what the company had to say. Rolontz is the director of corporate information—the man in whom Warner has entrusted the sensitive task of being its liaison with the outside world. Now, corporate PR men are supposed to be consummate masters, if nothing else, at blowing smoke in your face convincingly. Not Rolontz. Warner's liaison with the outside world refused to take the call. His secretary told me abruptly, "He says he has nothing to say to you," and then she slammed down the phone. It was a strange thing, especially when Rolontz himself has reportedly been going around town bad-mouthing his own company by expressing, according to two sources who spoke to him, "deep concern" about what was going on at Warner. What, I wonder, is going on at Warner? Are there other significant, perhaps damaging, revelations to come that will raise ethical questions about other Warner officials? Who knows? Perhaps Rolontz—in his public-be-damned attitude—guessed that's precisely what I was going to ask him. ■

Late Ticker . . .

Street scuttlebutt has Standard Oil of Indiana eyeing Kennecott Copper. Gulf Oil reportedly has task force looking into major acquisition in the paper industry. Says one source: "No candidates are being excluded, not even Weyerhaeuser [the forest products biggie]." . . . Alan Hirschfield, booted out as Columbia Pictures Industries' chief executive, scouting for funds to start his own film production company. . . . Chris-Craft Industries, the biggest shareholder in Twentieth Century Fox (it owns just under 10 percent of the stock), intends to fatten its position to at least 15 percent. In fact, Chris-Craft boss Herb Siegel tells me: "Depending on market conditions and other factors we could even go higher."

by Steven Brill

Over the Hill at Thirty

When you're making $50,000 but don't make partner, the next step is tough

At first glance, my friend Bob* has it made. He's Harvard College, class of '69; Yale Law School, class of '72. And now he's beginning his seventh year as a well-regarded young lawyer at a top Wall Street law firm. He's making $50,000 a year. Even in New York, for a thirty one-year-old bachelor that's pretty good.

But Bob is in a career crisis that has been hitting more and more of the nation's top young lawyers who go from the most prestigious law schools to the most prestigious law firms. It's a story of the booming marketplace for lawyers, which is working a cruel twist that's making desperate men and women out of some of the best and the brightest young lawyers in the country.

Bob wants to change jobs. But he's trapped. Trapped by a high salary that can't be justified for lawyers with Bob's limited experience outside a big firm, where his time is billed at $100 an hour.

At least in Bob's case he's forcing the issue, which is often not the way it happens. For example, there's my friend at Wall Street's Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood. He has been an associate there for eight years. This was the year he and five other Dewey associates from his law school class were to be told whether they'd be made partners. Which at Dewey means a lifetime job at $100,000 to $200,000 a year. He and four others in his class of six were rejected. Dewey, like most top firms, is nice about it. My friend can stay on as long as he wants as a high-salaried (but passed-over) associate. But there's no future, and after a while it becomes embarrassing—as in the case of the long-since passed-over tenth-year associates at Wall Street's Cravath, Swaine & Moore, who often draw whispers when they enter the firm's cafeteria for lunch.

"It's amazing that all these smart young kids—people who've made it to the very top in college and law school—haven't planned their careers better," says the placement specialist at a top Ivy League law school. "They get five or six years out of school into a top firm, and some of them are ready to jump out of buildings."

**Bob's name has been changed, but all other names and details are real.*

Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a regular column on law and lawyers.



The situation is worse than ever for four reasons. First, the salaries now paid to young associates in major cities make their careers less portable. Second, young lawyers like Bob are less willing to accept the old rules that have always applied at the top big-city firms. You gambled on staying seven or eight years for a partnership, and if you failed, the firm would place you in the bowels of the law department of one of its big corporate clients. Bob doesn't want to go to a big corporation. Besides, these corporations are less willing to take the rejects because their salaries are so high. Third, while most law firms are expanding rapidly, they're expanding more rapidly at the bottom by bringing in young associates than they are at the top by making new partners. Fewer partners per associates means more rejected associates. Fourth: The bigger law firms get, the more specialized is the work that young associates are asked to do. This gives them less practical experience, making them less employable outside their firm.

Bob isn't about to dive out of a building, but his situation is pretty bad. He has been to just about all of New York's lawyer-placement agencies. The only one he says he trusts is a one-man shop called Kali Consultants, run by Barry Kaplan. Kaplan's prognosis is hardly cheery. "Bob's supposedly been a 'litigator' [an in-court gladiator] at a prestigious firm, right? Well, he's worked on two or three giant antitrust cases the entire time he's been with his firm. And he's done little more than product research [an important but narrow aspect of an antitrust case]. He's taken maybe a handful of depositions and questioned maybe two witnesses in court. He's never supervised anything or handled anything on his own. It's not his fault. He's a great guy and really smart, but this is the way it is in his firm's litigation department. Now you tell me where I place him for fifty thousand dollars a year. I can't send him to a small firm [looking to expand by hiring lawyers laterally] as a litigator, because his salary is too high and he just doesn't have the experience."

What about all those corporations that are beefing up their in-house legal departments to cut down on what they are now paying to outside firms like Bob's? I asked Kaplan.

"Why do they need Bob? He doesn't have the experience to be general counsel, and if they're hiring someone to work for the general counsel, they're usually not going to shell out fifty thousand dollars."

Indeed, one job opening I recently mentioned to Bob was as an assistant general counsel at a large publishing company. It turned out that Bob's current salary was higher than that of his prospective boss, the general counsel.

That, of course, raises the question of why Bob simply doesn't take a pay cut. "Because," explains Marsha Stoner, of the Stanley Fields lawyer-placement agency, in New York, "that's not as easy as it seems. Employers don't like to hire people at reduced salaries. They figure that no matter what the guy says, he'll be unhappy that he's not getting paid what he used to be paid. He'll feel cheated. Also, they wonder why he's willing to take a cut."

"Bob's not my worst case," Kaplan adds with a chuckle. "He's at least an outgoing, nice guy. And as someone with a litigation background there's bound to be some big corporation that's looking to do some litigation in-house that will like him and take him on. It'll take a long time, and he doesn't even want to do that, but at least it's an option. But what about a guy who's spent five years in the trusts-and-estates department at Rogers & Wells [another N.Y. powerhouse firm] writing wills?"

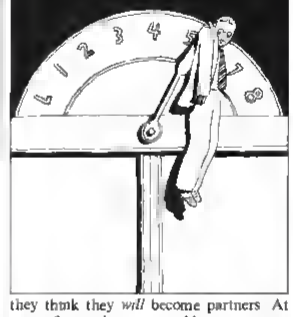
Bob has one last option that few of his peers even consider: a government job. As Kaplan explains, "It's the only way to cut your salary gracefully and go into a prestige job. But so far he hasn't found one." If he does, the fee Kaplan would get from a private employer for finding Bob for them is lost, making Kaplan's recommendation that he seek such a job a rare act of selflessness in an industry filled with sharks trying to push lawyers into any job in return for their fees.

A large corporation is also an unhappy option for my friend at Dewey Ballantine who didn't make partner this year. For years, the AT&T in-house legal department has been what another placement agent calls "a burial ground" for Dewey associates who don't make it to partnership. But he doesn't want to go there, so he has been looking feverishly for other opportunities. "The salary is just too heavy," he explains. "Nothing much is opening up, except one or two offers of associateship with implied promises of future partnerships at places outside New York where I just don't want to be. The time to leave with a Wall Street law firm credential is after two or three years, not eight years.'

"Exactly," says Michael Greene, who runs the Los Angeles branch of Wells Legal Research, the nation's largest lawyer employment agency. "After the third year, you're so highly paid and often so specialized that your options are drastically limited to the point where they begin to vanish." Greene, who handles all of the West for Wells, says that the problem is hardly limited to New York. "By about the third or fourth year," he explains, "salaries in Los Angeles or Chicago or Washington are now as high or higher than in New York. Lawyers in these cities can't afford to wait before they jump on their own or find out they're not becoming partners."

A government job is the only way for a passed-over associate to take a prestige post for less pay.

Yet many lawyers don't jump early because, like my friend at Dewey, Ballantine, they think they *will* become partners. At many firms it's a reasonable assumption. For example, at Los Angeles's Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Tunney and at Omaha's skyrocketing Kutak Rock & Huie, no associate who has stayed for five years has *not* made partner. Other places are careful to tell their associates early on how they're doing and what they can expect. "We give every associate an evaluation every six months for the first two years and then once a year after that,' says Robert Heller, the hiring partner at the highly regarded midtown New York firm of Kramer, Lowenstein, Nessen, Kamin & Soll. "That way, they know early if they should look elsewhere." At still other firms, bonuses and pay differentials are given to associates based on how they're doing so that they should know early what their chances are.



Yet at many other firms, especially the older, more established ones, the partners play it close to the vest, forcing a seven- or eight-year roll of the dice for the associates who stick it out. Last year, for example, New York's Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates stunned those associates from the law school class of 1969 who thought that 1977 was their partnership year by not making any partners from the class. Or there's the bitter (and desperately looking) tenth-year associate at Wall Street's Cravath, Swaine & Moore who went to a partner there two and a half years ago and said he'd been offered another job. He was urged to stay, and, he says, it was clearly implied he'd be made partner the next year.

"Two things always surprise me," says one Ivy League placement officer. "The first is that when our students look these firms over during recruiting season, they never care whether the firm is the kind that lets you know, honestly, early on where you stand. Second, these kids are supposed to be so smart. Yet when a firm does give hints that someone isn't doing all that well [such as pay differentials], they ignore it because they don't want to face it any earlier than they have to."

Briefs

Living Down a Lie

Donovan Leisure Newton & Irvine is the New York firm whose partner, defending Kodak in the recent giant antitrust case against the camera company, recently pleaded guilty to lying and saying that documents under subpoena by the other side in the case had been destroyed. So extreme is the firm's embarrassment that they've hired the high-powered public relations firm of Hill and Knowlton to repair its image. At least one Donovan Leisure partner and associate can now attest that the PR men have their work cut out for them. The partner and associate recently attended a seminar on economics and antitrust law at UCLA, where they heard a professor explain how the value of a trade name cultivated over the years can be destroyed easily and instantly if quality control is not maintained. The example the professor gave to the dozens of lawyers in the seminar was the damage to the Donovan, Leisure name resulting from the Kodak trial fiasco.

Airborne Ambulance Chasers

The San Diego air crash that killed 151 people last month is generating some fierce competition among lawyers anxious to represent the families of those killed.

In fact, the word on the East Coast is that the competition is so rough among lawyers specializing in personal injury cases that one of the nation's leading aviation disaster lawyers, Lee Kreindler, of New York, has resorted to cutting his fees to get business. One widow who interviewed Kreindler with her local family lawyer present found him willing to take a contingency fee of only 10 percent (of the amount he would get for her in court or through a settlement). However, Kreindler, who arrived at the interview with *Wall Street Journal* and *New York Law Journal* clips about him in hand, was rejected in favor of San Francisco lawyer E. Robert Wallach. Also rejected was Mark Robinson, the California lawyer who has made a name for himself with his $128 million jury award in a Pinto gas tank case. The widow retained Wallach after talking with him for more than three hours. According to her local attorney, "Kreindler came on too strong. She just was put off by his hard, cold New York style. He kept pushing and kept telling me how willing he was 'to meet any competition on the fee.'" Kreindler, who is a regular columnist for the *New York Law Journal*, was recently given prime attention in an article on the air crash in the *Journal*'s sister publication, the *National Law Journal*. The article reported all the calls he'd gotten from California "within hours of the crash," asking him to come into the case. He was also quoted as saying, "Attorneys will use all kinds of methods to get clients. It's just unfortunate."

Illustrations by Steven Guarnaccia

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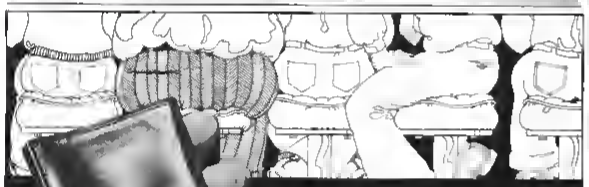
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While the five-, six-, and seven-year associates are trapped, those smart enough to leave earlier can find opportunities that they never could have before.

Corporations are expanding their legal departments to cut down on what they pay law firms. And young lawyers at lower salaries are what they're looking for. Also, the law business is expanding so much generally, because of increasing governmental regulation of business and the increased frequency of litigation, that many law firms are growing so fast that they can't just depend on hiring recruits out of law school. They, too, are looking to hire young lawyers away from other firms.

Serving that need—and in fact helping it along by encouraging young lawyers at top firms to look elsewhere early—are lawyer employment agencies such as Wells. Wells president Alan Roberts says his business has gone from a $100,000 gross in 1971 to a $2 million gross this year, and it's expanding $400,000 a year. (The company is now a subsidiary of the French-based Bic conglomerate.) Last year, some 220 lawyers were placed, with the firm or corporation that hired them paying 20 percent of the annual salary if it's a small law firm to 30 percent if it's a large corporation. As for Kaplan, one friend says he's "making as much as a law firm partner" while working a four and a half day week at his one-man operation.

Lawyers looking to use these agencies should be careful. Their fees come from the employer, not the employees they place. "Yes, we're employer-oriented," says Roberts. "And we encourage lawyers to take the job openings we have. But in the end they're better off for it."

Maybe, but the reviews I've heard of Wells aren't all good. One friend in his third year at Cravath, Swaine ("Prime material," says Roberts) recently received a blind call from a Wells agent. (As demand for these first- to third-year lawyers has skyrocketed, most agencies are now regularly making such blind calls.) He was asked if he was interested in leaving the firm. As it happened, he was. But "when I went to see them," he recalls, "I was shuffled around. I didn't even see the person who'd called and talked to me the first time. And all they seemed worried about was getting me to promise not to take any jobs on my own from the list of prospects they had. As it turned out, the list was totally useless—nothing like what they'd promised on the phone."

The worst horror stories about lawyer employment agencies concern those who take a résumé and send it all over town without getting the lawyer's permission. In this way, the firm the lawyer is trying to leave may find out what he's up to when a friend of that firm, such as a corporate client, receives the mass mailing. One offender I've heard mentioned in this regard is the Zachary Bernard Agency in New York. #

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



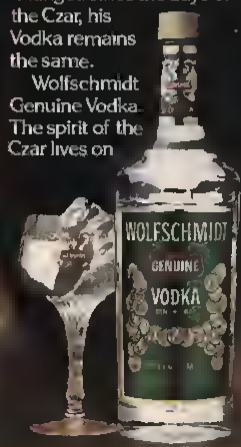
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Betting Like a Pro

Football can be a safer gamble than stocks—if you know what to look for

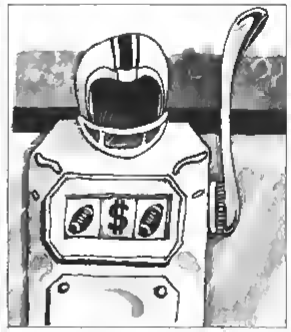
No preamble—if you have read even this far, you are among the millions who bet pro football. The matter at hand, exploring how Gerald Strine, sports columnist for *The Washington Post*, has managed over the past four seasons to have a winning percentage of 64 percent that was good for a net pretax profit of $27,514. In all, he bet on 236 games and won 140 of them against the spread. His total winnings were $74,480, against losses of $46,966, including the bookies' vigorish payments.

Like some other good sportswriters who pay attention to what they cover, Strine has developed an approach to betting on pro games, the success of which has to be the envy of any stockbroker.

There is a definite difference between an approach and a system for winning, as Strine and his coauthor Neil D. Isaacs go to pains to point out in their new book, *Covering the Spread* (Random House, $8.95). And that difference is flexibility. An approach permits adjustments; a system demands absolute consistency. Example: the underdog "system." This year, if you had bet only the underdogs in every game so far, your winning percentage would be over 60 percent. But it's questionable whether that percentage can hold. Like those messages in *Mission: Impossible* shows, systems usually self-destruct once so many people start riding them that the point spreads or the odds are affected.

But before getting to what Strine and Isaacs suggest is the proper approach to betting on pro football, let's consider some of the economic basics of wagering.

Assuming you bet with a bookie, you risk $11 to win $10. You pay the vigorish only when you lose, however. If you win half your bets, you wind up paying a 4.55-percent service charge for having someone handle your action—which is reasonable enough, compared to brokerage fees. If you can manage to be right slightly more than half the time—53 times out of 100 will do—you will cover the vigorish and still come out slightly ahead. Bookies, good ones at least, have no financial interest in whether you, in particular, win or lose. They live on the commissions. The more money they handle, the more money they make. If the bookie handles things properly, he makes 5 percent on every dollar that is bet (that is, if he manages to balance his books exactly on every game).



The key to Strine's success—as with practically every investment—is information. If you are serious about betting, you should subscribe to Mort Olshan's *Gold Sheet* from Los Angeles, Art Arkush's *Pro Football Weekly*, from Chicago, and Jack Cohen's *Sports Eye*, published in Great Neck, New York. The authors eschew any of the roughly 400 other tout services in place of the hard information these sheets provide. Note: Betting on college football is not advised—the turnover in personnel is too great, and there are too many other imponderables.

In betting pro football, it's not whether your team wins or loses the game, of course, it's whether it beats the spread. Enter Bob Martin, the man whose line the gambling fraternity accepts as gospel for football games. The purpose of a spread is to stimulate betting. It makes games seemingly long-decided intensely interesting to observers with a betting interest.

The point spread that your bookie gives you, or which appears in your newspaper, emanates from the Union Plaza in Las Vegas, where the Brooklyn-born Martin operates. The line will undergo some changes after it appears early in a given week—to reflect regional loyalties, late news about injuries, weather forecasts, and the direction of betting.

Martin himself factors in scores of different chunks of information and opinion to come up with his line. And one of those ingredients is emotion. In fact, he believes it is the single most important factor in a game. More important, it is the factor taken most seriously by professional bettors. There is some statistical evidence to support Martin's contention. Take Monday night football games, for example. The fact that there is a national audience—and no other games on the tube—means more viewers. And this can turn players on—especially the home team and especially if it is the underdog. Over the past five years, underdogs at home have beaten the spread in twenty out of twenty-eight Monday night games, and in the last two seasons, in eleven out of thirteen games. So far this year, the Monday night underdogs at home have been flawless—Minnesota beat Denver, and Washington downed Dallas. They not only beat the spreads—they won outright.

Still, the authors are very cautious about psychological and emotional considerations. They think them overrated—and usually not decisive.

More important, they contend, are such factors as weather. In fact, in ball parks in those areas of the country where the weather often gets nasty, it is recommended that you wait until as close as possible to game time to make your bet. In particular, be wary of games played in Buffalo, Minnesota, Green Bay, Chicago, and New England, particularly late in the season. The type of surface can also be important, especially when the weather is bad. There are artificial playing surfaces now in eighteen NFL stadiums—worse than natural turf if frozen, but better in rain.

Injuries to key players can change the outcome of a game—not to mention the point spread. This is yet another reason to wait until late in the week before making your bets. The late week update on injuries published by the league comes out on Friday mornings. Occasionally, however, players can be injured in workouts held after Thursday. The authors suggest, and list in the book, the phone numbers of the PR offices of the various NFL teams if you want to check on the status of a player or players late in the week. ("You may have

Contributing editor William Flanagan regularly writes for this magazine on financial matters.

Illustrations by Stephan Ooyia

to pretend you're calling from the Battle Creek *Biweekly Bugle*, but you will get reasonably straight answers," they write.)

Of course, which players are injured is key here. Most important are quarterbacks. Next are cornerbacks. "An injury there, if there is no adequate replacement, is worth several points to the opposing offense," they contend. Less important are injuries to running backs and linemen. But, especially with defensive units, it is important to look out for a cluster of injuries that can diminish the effectiveness of an entire unit.

The home field advantage is important too and is built into the point spread each week. All other things being equal, the home team will be favored by two or three points over an even rival. And some fields are worth even more to the host—Cleveland's Memorial Stadium, the New Orleans Superdome, and Denver's Mile High Stadium are particularly comfortable for the home teams.

The home advantage is based not only on the lift a home crowd can give a team; officials may be affected as well. "The officials as a rule do an excellent job, but if there is a chance of subliminal influence on a tight situation, we want them and the crowd on our side," the authors state.

Quarterbacks, obviously, are important to every team, but exactly how they play can give you an edge in determining whether or not you can bet against a point spread. "The best edge of all is knowing which quarterbacks, under the pressure of a strong pass rush, will give up the ball." The writers caution against relying on statistics alone, because so much of what is important in quarterbacking cannot be measured in numbers. The best—that is the steadiest—according to the authors, are Ken Stabler, Bert Jones, and Roger Staubach.

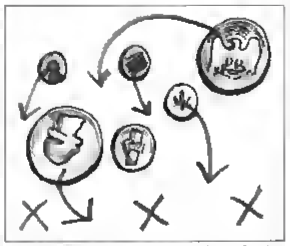
While quarterbacks can determine whether or not a bet is solid, running backs should seldom swing a bet one way or the other. Despite the attention they receive, and their membership in the 1,000-yard club, a good defense will neutralize the effect of the best running backs. Remember, when O.J. Simpson was having his best years, Buffalo made the play-offs only once. Nor are wide receivers decisive. A reliable tight end—Russ Francis, Dave Casper, or Riley Odoms, for example—is more important.

As for the defense, the thing to measure is team play. A good cornerback or safety is only as good as the defensive line and linebackers in front of him. Among the linemen, watch the defensive tackles more than defensive ends. (Ends can be sealed out of plays more easily.)

Special teams are not that important. The authors contend that if you have to reduce a selection to an edge on special teams, you should not bet on the game.

What exactly does Strine base his picks on? As the general said, war is won in the trenches. "We concentrate on the defensive linemen, on defensive lines in concert with linebackers working against offensive lines. As far as looking for betting opportunities is concerned, everyone else out there by comparison is a fringe player," the authors write. Specifically, they watch the line play very carefully to determine the team strength. Once the ball is snapped, one of three things happens when the lines clash. The offense will overpower the defense; the defense will swarm over the offense, or there will be a standoff. If the result is likely to be a standoff, stay away from the game. If the offense figures to dominate the other team's defense, that is important. But the most telling factor is how the defense will do against the other team's offense. Offensive domination is not as important as defensive domination. And the best defenses are consistent; offenses can be erratic.

The key to an expert approach is to stay away from big spreads and focus on teams with the best defense.



"Defense is what makes the NFL go round," the authors write. "Coincidentally, our successful betting approach, stressing defense, parallels the current approach to the building of a successful pro team."

For the writers, the ideal team to bet on has to have a defensive front that stops the opponent's running game cold and then becomes free to pressure the passing game. (Best example: Don Shula's Miami Dolphins in the championship years. In their perfect 1972 season, they covered the spread in fourteen of seventeen games. In 1973, they failed to cover only five times.)

What if neither of two teams has an especially strong defense or offense? Simple—stay off the game. "We do not attempt to concentrate on all twenty-eight teams. That is impossible to do," say the authors. "We accept what TV offers, the better teams appearing on TV much more frequently than the bums.

"In 1977, for example, eight teams were virtual throwouts: Tampa Bay, Seattle, New Orleans, Green Bay, Buffalo, New York Jets, New York Giants, and Kansas City." Reason: too unreliable, too nondescript.

The authors don't even like mediocre teams when they are playing strong teams. "The heart of our approach will never be the big spread games. Those match-ups imply strength against weakness, as opposed to perceived strength against strength. We concentrate on the captains of the pro football industry," they write.

Obviously, the Super Bowl always pits two strong teams against each other, and it is in such games as these that Strine's approach works best. He has picked eleven of the dozen Super Bowl games against the spread.

When it comes down to the actual business of betting, the authors have a few more tidbits worth mentioning:

- ☐ Discounting the possibility of bad weather and late injuries, it is better to bet early in the week if betting on a winning team. It is likely that the bets will go in the direction you want them to go so that at game time you give up fewer points than late bettors. Conversely, if you are betting on a team that has a losing record, it is better to wait until the last minute to bet—public support for winning teams forces the odds makers to push the line out a bit on popular winners. Then there is the possibility of a "middle," betting twice to cover a swing in the spread. But remember, trying for a middle will probably cost you 5 percent of your wager—the vigorish on the losing bet.
- ☐ Don't bet the same amount on every game. They are not equally good bets. And don't bet too many games. The authors suggest no more than three serious bets a week.
- ☐ Some of the season's best bets are likely to arise early in the season before the public and the lines makers catch on to a team's true worth.
- ☐ Beware the pyramid syndrome. If you are ahead, stash some of your winnings, don't bet them all just because it is "their" money you are playing with. The aim is to come out *ahead* for the season, not even.

Finally, there is the question of the illegality of betting on pro football. The authors quote Pete Simmons, who presided over the Delaware state lottery's brief experiment with a form of legal football betting. Simmons foresees legalized betting on a variety of pro sports in the near future. "Sooner or later it will have to be legalized. It's fast approaching that point. From a gambling standpoint we're the laughingstock of the world, we're so pompous about it."

The irony is, of course, once sports gambling is legal, it will cost more. As with horse racing, the state can be expected to extract a lot more of a vigorish than your local bookie, and the tax man will have a way of keeping tabs on big winners. ††

Money **by Andrew Tobias**

Is Gold Dead?

Not only is it a poor investment today—it's sterile!

You know the price of gold has peaked, at least temporarily, when the lead story in *Money* magazine is "Gold Goes Respectable" (October), and when, in the same month, investment counsellor James Dines, last heard predicting imminent disaster in 1974, is given eight pages in *Barron's* to predict it again.

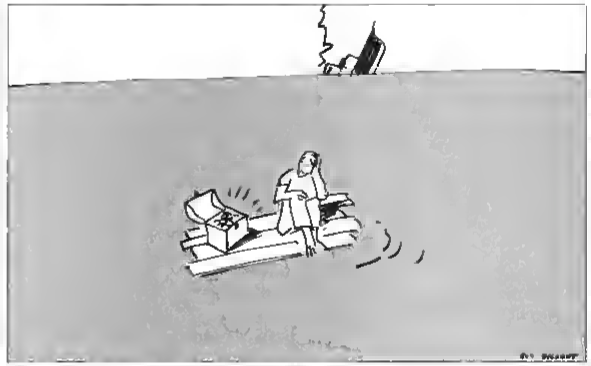
"Like vultures circling above a wounded animal, gold bugs are again buzzing over the weakened U.S. dollar," the *Money* story begins. *And you can be a vulture too!* Says *Money*: "Gold is gaining wider acceptance as a necessary part of a diversified investment portfolio. . . . [You] no longer have to be a gold bug to take a shine to it."

A horse's ass, perhaps, but not a gold bug.

From the point of view of dividends or interest, of course, there is no point buying gold—it doesn't pay any. In fact, *you* may have to pay an annual charge to store and insure it (plus a premium to a dealer, buying and selling, and a local sales tax).

From the point of view of capital gains you have missed the boat. It's that simple. With every dollar gold has risen in price—from $40 an ounce in 1972 to $227 as I sit down to write this—the risk of loss has increased, while the potential for substantial appreciation has decreased. Sure gold could go to $300 (or to $115)—but that's no more dramatic than some stock going from $23 to $30. It happens all the time.*

The real reason to buy gold is neither for dividends nor, at these prices, capital gains, but to hedge against disaster. "Never forget," wrote James Dines, in May, 1974, when he was predicting a full-scale economic collapse within six months—two years at the outside—"that Himmler was a chicken farmer before Hitler made him head of the dreaded Gestapo. Similarly, don't think for one minute that just because the world is sunny and nice now that it cannot quickly degenerate into an unpleasant period."



Can you imagine a world in which Howard Cosell has grabbed power, installing chicken magnate Frank Perdue as his hatchet man? In which the economic delivery systems have collapsed and the richest man in the country is James Dines?

The basic disaster scenario, nearly as chilling, is that despite all American efforts the economy will move from the severe inflation we have now to double-digit inflation and from double-digit inflation to hyperinflation, and from hyperinflation to complete collapse. Banks will be collapsing, too—along with most businesses—so you'd better keep your gold at home. Paper assets will be worthless. But you will have gold.

The French peasants understand this, we are frequently reminded. They have the savvy, born of centuries' experience with governments that come and go, to hoard gold. (And yet they remain peasants. For me, this is where the argument breaks down.)

Disasters of all sorts do lurk, and it does make sense to hedge against them—but not necessarily with gold.

Water is an inexpensive hedge against disruption or pollution of the water supply, which in turn might be caused by earthquake, sabotage, or, in the case of my own building, antique plumbing. Yet how many people do you know—even gold bugs—who keep a few gallons on hand?

Solar collectors, which are beginning to make sense for many homes on economic grounds alone, become irresistible in the context of economic collapse, riots in the streets, and (one assumes) uncertain power supplies.

Food is also a terrific disaster hedge (and, as noted elsewhere, bulk purchases of food and other staples—at sale prices and/or quantity discounts—can be thought of not only as an inflation hedge but even as an excellent tax-free "investment"). If there is a panic that wipes the supermarket shelves clean—much as the gasoline panic not long ago made the purchase of gasoline inconvenient—you might be happier with a cellar full of food than a pocketful of gold coins.

This sort of hedge is socially useful too. For the citizenry to increase its inventory of staples—its collective fat—means the social fabric will be less easily torn, more resilient.

Buying gold is a different matter. It is a socially repugnant investment—and this is one argument against buying it that's infrequently made. It is, for one thing, a bet against our being able to muddle

**Actually, even gold's jump to $227 may not be quite as dramatic as it seems. Had gold's price not been fixed at $35 an ounce for thirty-four years from 1934 to 1968—had its price been allowed to keep pace with inflation—then the metal would gradually have risen to about $172 an ounce today. Which suggests that the price of the stuff may have gotten $55 or so ahead of itself ($172 versus the current $227). But even at $227 an ounce, the appreciation since 1934 works out to just a fraction over 4 percent compounded. (A $35 investment in the average common stock in 1934 would be worth something like $2,300 today.)*

Andrew Tobias is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.

Illustration by Guy Billout

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living, growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

It is possible that a quantity of fine grapes crushed and left to themselves in an open container will, in time, ferment and yield an acceptable wine.

It is probable, however, that these same grapes will yield a wine not so pleasant.

Which it will become depends in large measure on the vagaries of simple, one-celled plants called yeasts which are found naturally in the bloom on the skins of grapes.

A Louie Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process: a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and results in protecting the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

Our Purpose

The precise control of fermentation is but one of the many steps which our winemakers have mastered in order to achieve our goal. Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"
E & J Gallo Winery, Dept. 72, Modesto, Ca. 95353

Gold is a bet against our being able to muddle through—a bet that the social order *will* collapse.

Unlike investments in housing, more productive machinery, new factories, mass transit, solar collectors, or research and development—all of which we make, indirectly, when we put money into savings banks, pension plans, life insurance, stocks, or bonds—an investment in gold is sterile. At best it means that a few more miners, mostly South Africans, will dig a little deeper. But to what end? We have vastly more gold than we could possibly ever "need." Indeed, current annual production outstrips industrial demand (including the manufacture of jewelry)—and at today's lofty price, production is bound to increase, while consumption shrinks. The only "use" for the world's huge gold surplus is psychological, as a store of value. In this respect, its usefulness derives from its scarcity—so mining more does nothing to enrich mankind.

Americans do not save, which is to say invest, nearly as high a proportion of their income as the Germans or Japanese, which is an important reason why our productivity, competitiveness, and growth in real personal income have lagged so badly behind theirs. To cut our productive investments back even further, by siphoning off that many more investment dollars into gold, would leave us at even more of a disadvantage and in the long run poorer.

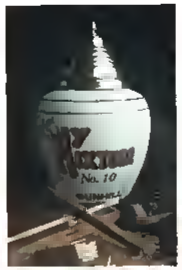
The high price of gold, which is another expression of the low value of the dollar, does serve one purpose: that of an alarm. It signals clearly that we've been flirting with disaster.

But once that's recognized—once Proposition 13 passes, once fully 70 percent in a CBS poll would favor a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget, once people are actually more eager for a cutback in the size of government spending than for a cut in taxes, which the same poll also suggested—then you have the feeling that help is on the way.

If so, gold may do what it did the last time the world didn't end. Plunge. ###

dunhill LONDON

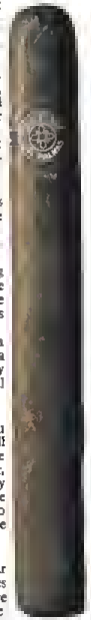
Some of the more salient reasons why there'll always be an England.



Enterprise

Over 70 years ago, an enterprising young man named Alfred Dunhill foresaw the need for a tobacconist shop in Duke Street St. James's, heart of fashionable London.

The gentle art of smoking was just beginning to break free from the conventions which had imprisoned it within Victorian smoking rooms, and Alfred Dunhill, a youthful entrepreneur, having already tried his hand at a number of commercial ventures, envisaged that tobacco offered limitless opportunities for the future.



Ingenuity

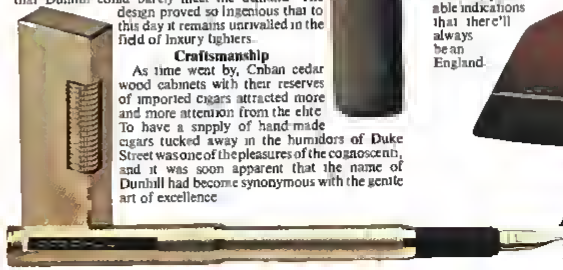
Mr Dunhill's standards were exacting. Employees were to be industrious, honourable and above all, the product had to be the very best.

Society responded. Elegant officers, leading politicians and members of the aristocracy began to frequent the Dunhill shop. Potentates from far flung corners of the Empire sent emissaries to purchase hand-made pipes and cigarettes, and names of the famous began to appear on the humidor cabinets containing private reserves of cigars.

Alfred Dunhill worked at the tobacco counter in a velvet cutaway coat. He catered to every palate with a precision born of determination to succeed. "My Mixture," a tobacco blended to suit the individual taste, was one of his earliest innovations.

Inventiveness

In 1924, Alfred Dunhill invented the horizontal flint wheel lighter. It was an instant success. The Dunhill lighter became de rigueur among fashionable smokers the world over. Whether gold or silver, enameled or bejeweled, the lighters sold so splendidly that Dunhill could barely meet the demand. The design proved so ingenious that to this day it remains unrivalled in the field of luxury lighters.



Craftsmanship

As time went by, Cuban cedar wood cabinets with their reserves of imported cigars attracted more and more attention from the elite. To have a supply of hand-made cigars tucked away in the humidors of Duke Street was one of the pleasures of the cognoscenti, and it was soon apparent that the name of Dunhill had become synonymous with the gentle art of excellence.

Integrity

"It must be useful. It must work dependably. It must be beautiful. It must last. It must be the best of its kind."

With this philosophy, Dunhill added fine leather, writing instruments, wristwatches, ties, jewelry—all types of accessories for the gentleman who demands excellence in his personal choices—to the Dunhill treasury. A gift from Dunhill was known as the perfect choice for the man who had everything, and deserved a little more.



Civilization

Blend 30 is the newest member of the distinguished Dunhill family. It is a most civilized fragrance for gentlemen. Blend 30 blends rare and expansive essences—jasmine and balsam, sherry, spice and leather—just as Alfred Dunhill had once blended tobacco for his discerning customers. Its bottle is handsome, its intention unmistakable. To provide an elegant fragrance for the worldly and well bred man who values tradition and appreciates excellence.

We most cordially invite you to sample Blend 30. We hope you may find it one of the many pleasurable indications that there'll always be an England.



Blend 30.
A thoroughly civilized fragrance by Dunhill.

Marshall Field & Company

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Here are just a few of our sun-filled vacations designed to fit every budget.

1 SOUTH FLORIDA FUN CHOICE. $117-$326* PLUS AIRFARE. Sample the fun for 8 days/7 nights at your choice of a selected hotel in South Florida. This is your chance to relax in places like Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, West Palm Beach, or the Florida Keys. Includes round-trip airport transfers (except to Florida Keys). Price will vary by destination. (Ask for IT8EA1SFUNW)

2 WALT DISNEY WORLD SHORT STAY. $65-$80* PLUS AIRFARE. Head for the fantasy world that can do you a world of good. Stay at a selected hotel for 5 days/4 nights—with no charge for the 4th night. What's more, there's no room charge for one or two children 17 and under sharing a room with parents. You'll get Eastern's exclusive Walt Disney World Ticket Book, good for one day's admission to and transportation within the Magic Kingdom and 9 attractions. Also includes round-trip airport transfers. (IT8EA1OSSTW)

3 WALT DISNEY WORLD VACATION KINGDOM AND THE FLORIDA COASTS. $150-$246* PLUS AIRFARE. See the Magic Kingdom and enjoy the sunshine of the Florida coasts. Spend 3 nights at a selected hotel in Orlando. Then enjoy 4 nights at your choice of a selected hotel in Daytona Beach, Tampa, Clearwater, St. Petersburg, or the Sarasota area. A subcompact car† with unlimited mileage is included for seven 24-hour periods, plus Eastern's exclusive Walt Disney World Ticket Book. Price will vary by destination. (IT8EA1DAYBW GLFW)

4 SAN JUAN WITH ST. THOMAS OPTION. $120-$292* PLUS AIRFARE. Soak in the alluring Puerto Rico sun and stay at a selected hotel for 8 days/7 nights. Includes LeLoLai features like the Folkloric Ballet and the Light and Sound Spectacle. Or for $20 more, indulge in a round-trip flight to St. Thomas for a day of duty-free shopping. (IT8EA1GOZC)

5 NASSAU/FREEPORT/LUCAYA. $121-$320* PLUS AIRFARE. Enjoy the good life for 8 days/7 nights at a selected hotel*. You'll choose from attractions like a visit to the Sea Floor Aquarium or a glass-bottom-boat trip through Nassau Harbor to the Sea Gardens. Try your luck in Freeport's famous casinos. Price will vary depending on hotel selection. (IT8EA1BLTWN201-FZ01)

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*Prices are per person, double occupancy, and do not include local taxes, service charges, gratuities, meals or transfers unless indicated. Prices are effective 12/16/78-4/15/79, and are subject to change.
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EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY





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The luxuriously textured fabrics, too, will vary—carefully matched to the fine leather that surrounds the spine of each volume to create a total work of art. The decorative end papers will be coordinated to the covers of the books. The edges of each book will be gilded with a special tarnish-free finish that provides both elegance and protection for the pages. The bookpaper itself will be chosen to last for many generations. Even the bound-in bookmark will be selected to match the total presentation.

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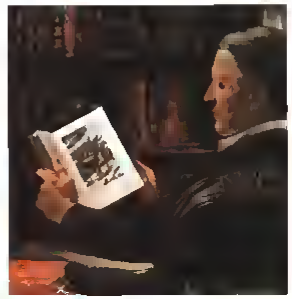
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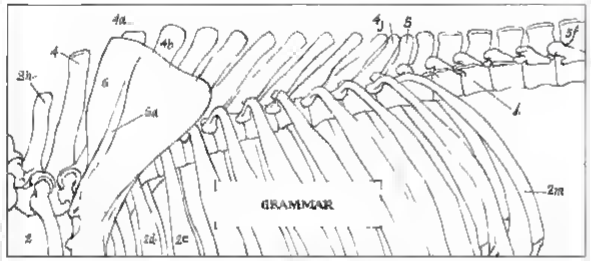
The rules of grammar are logical—except where they're arbitrary

Grammar is a tricky, inconsistent thing. Being the backbone of speech and writing, it should, we think, be eminently logical, make perfect sense like the human skeleton. But, of course, the skeleton is arbitrary, too. Why twelve pairs of ribs rather than eleven or thirteen? Why thirty-two teeth? It has something to do with evolution and functionalism—but only sometimes, not always. So there are aspects of grammar that make good, logical sense, and others that do not.

For example: it makes perfect sense that correct English should demand agreement, "no one," "someone," "everyone," "anyone," should be followed by singular verbs because the "one" is a clear indication that English thinks of "everyone" and "everybody," for example, as being a singular one or body—many people acting as one. Similarly, "no one" means "not any one," and since the "one" is there (if only to be denied in actuality), it is nonsense to say "No one knew *their* American history" or "Everyone returned to *their* seats." Observe that even the most cloddish speaker would unhesitantly say "Everyone *was* happy" and would not dream of uttering "No one *were* there."

Unfortunately, it takes only one or two intruding words for agreement—and logic—to vanish. Moreover, the nearness of a plural object (in my second example, "seats") fools people into assuming that the pronoun in the possessive depends on this plural. But it depends on the subject, which is palpably singular, so that it clearly and democratically has to be one seat to one body or to one person.

There are, then, many instances where grammar is manifestly logical and where application of simple logic could spare us a good many errors. Take the absurd "overly," which has gained widespread acceptance in this country, though it is still sensibly frowned on in England. Consider that "over" is an adverb (among its several uses) and so too would be "overly," which is nothing more than an extra syllable added to turn something into what it has been all along. Why, then, say "overly complicated," "overly qualified," or "overly fond," et cetera, when "overcomplicated," "overqualified," "overfond," and so on are shorter, neater, more euphonious? The argument that we need "overly" for the negative construction "not overly" is otiose; we have "overmuch," "excessively," "very," and several others to choose from. So let the *-ly* serve where it logically belongs: in converting an adjective into an adverb, as in, say, "keenly," "sensibly," and the like. The gratuitous *-ly* is on the march, however: already we have the redundancy "firstly," the abomination "thusly," and soon, for all I know, we may get "soonly."



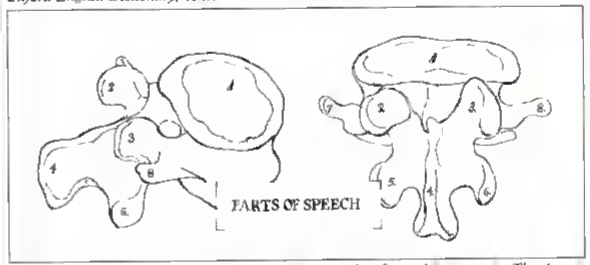
Thus, concision, which is a form of common sense, is another logical guiding principle. But unfortunately, grammar is as often arbitrary as it is logical. There is, for instance, no logical reason that I can detect for "She is as beautiful as you" becoming, in a negative construction, "She is not *so* beautiful as you." Nevertheless, Eric Partridge, in *Usage and Abusage* (citing *Webster's*—the second edition, doubtless, not the third), records that "[not] so . . . as" is "preferred by many writers and authorities." In that very useful book *Modern American Usage*, which Wilson Follett regrettably did not live to finish, we read that in America (as opposed to England), even "workaday writers" and casual speakers will say "*This summer is not so hot as last*" rather than "as . . . as." A conversation with Jacques Barzun makes me suspect this entry to be one of his addenda to Follett's bodk as published, and it is one of the rare instances where I disagree with him. I see and hear "not as . . . as" all around me. Still, *Modern American Usage* makes a good stab at explaining this curiosity. "Perhaps *as . . . as* suggests equality so strongly that a denial of it must be signalized by *not so*."

This would be a case of emphasis for the sake of clarity, which, along with logic and concision, must guide our use of language. But when language can be correctly inconsistent, it surely is not logical. Yet English, which clearly prefers "You are better than I" to "than me," also possesses the idiom "than whom no one is wiser." This reflects the inconsistency from which our present language arose: a bit of discrepancy in a surviving locution that points back to the initial chaos. The solution seems to be to respect the idiom as it has reached us but in all other constructions to stick with "than" plus the nominative.

Besides logic, concision, and clarity, there is also the matter of authority. I wrote in one of these columns that you do not begin a sentence with "too" in the sense of "also," as in "Too, he was very old by then." Instead, you should write "By then, too, he was very old" or "Also, he was very old by then." Many readers wrote in asking on what authority I asserted this. Partly, of course, it is a matter of clarity, so that the "too" not be confused even for a second with "to" or with "two," either of which is apt to appear at the beginning of a sentence. But there is also the fact that good writers of the English language have not used the initial "too." This is the argument from authority, and with this kind of argument we must be extremely careful.

The two most common failures here are, one, adducing a good writer from the distant past, such as Shakespeare, who wrote before the language had become sufficiently codified, and, two, assuming that because *The Oxford English Dictionary* cites a couple of famous writers who committed a certain grammatical faux pas, the error has become legitimized. This brings me to the matter of dictionaries. Quite a few readers have asked me to recommend a dictionary that speaks with full authority about what is right or wrong.

Alas, even the best dictionaries tend to abrogate that authority. In the biography of James Murray, the man behind *The Oxford English Dictionary*, K.M. Elisabeth Murray writes, "The one thing of which he was certain was that it was not the function of the Dictionary to establish a standard of 'right' or 'wrong,'" and she quotes her famous grandfather: "We do not all think alike, walk alike, dress alike, write alike, or dine alike: why should not we use our liberty in speech also, so long as the purpose of speech, to be intelligible, and its grace are not interfered with?"



This is, to me, a very disappointing position from a great dictionary maker, and it is most fortunate that his practice (and that of his collaborators) was better than his preachment. We get a rather confused statement that, on the one hand, promises considerable, if not total, freedom and, on the other, demands intelligibility and grace.

These are fine words, but what do they mean? At what point does intelligibility cease, and for whom? Some people can decipher the thickest foreign accent and the grossest mispronunciations, others cannot. On whose level of comprehension do we draw the line between intelligibility and gibberish? And what about the time factor? Is having to stop for several seconds while one unscrambles a meaning a legitimate or an illegitimate loss of time?

Yet if "intelligibility" is a somewhat elusive criterion, "grace" is as slippery as an Oriental rug dealer. Graceful to whom, by what standards, and to what end? Is it more graceful to tell something horrible with appropriate horror or to tone it down for polite company? With grace we enter into the domain of taste, and taste is beyond the legislation of any dictionary. Here, clearly, we need expert opinion, but where exactly do we go looking for that?

Nevertheless, as I said before, *The Oxford English Dictionary* is a great—*the* great—dictionary, but it has to be used with discrimination. We must, each of us for himself, decide what in it represents the best in usage—and what is merely a corruption that has become more or less widespread or is, indeed, a mere hapax legomenon (a word or usage that occurs only once in a given text). Someday I hope to write more fully about how one arrives at such distinctions, but obviously logic, concision, and clarity have much to do with it.

Another fine achievement is *The American Heritage Dictionary*. It is perhaps a trifle too short, too selective a tome, but at least it stands for something better than near total permissiveness. After all, if a dictionary does not lay down the law about what is right and what is wrong, then, pace Dr. Murray, who will? Yet rules do exist—in spelling, pronunciation, and definition—and it is absurd for today's dictionaries to enforce some of them while being latitudinarian about others. *The American Heritage Dictionary* has solved the problem with a usage panel—well over a hundred experts who are frequently polled by the editors about what they consider correct usage and whose votes for or against a certain usage are tabulated and reported—for example: 60 percent of the usage panel approve of this usage in spoken English, but only 45 percent in written English.

This is, of course, the creation of an ad hoc academy and makes sense—except that the names, as you look at them on pages x to xii of the dictionary, may strike you as a catholic but not consistently compelling lot. Especially notable is the paucity of first-rate writers (other than critics and editors, though these, too, are a mixed bunch), but this may simply mean that great novelists, poets, et cetera are too busy (or greedy) to bother with such unpaid work. Still, the membership ranges from some persons of impeccable credentials to others from whom you would not want to buy a used car (or a misused word). But it is in this direction that salvation must lie: the eventual creation of an Academy of the Anglo-American Language. ††

The critic John Simon writes a monthly column on English usage.

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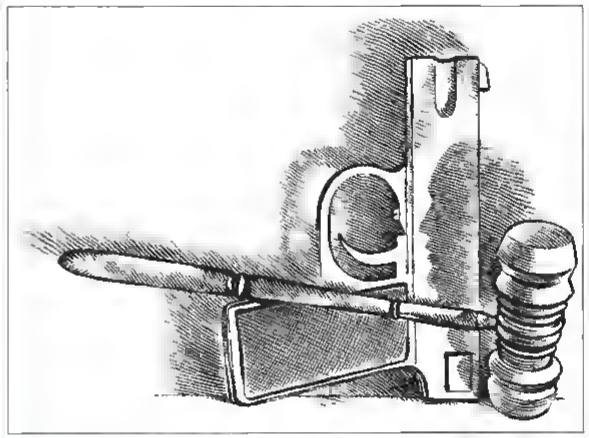
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by Steven R. Weisman

Crime and Controversy

An important book challenges America's attitudes toward violent crime



Illustrations by David Suter

Few issues confound Americans as much as crime. Robbery, assault and murder continue unchecked, despite society's attempt to send more people to prison and to pump more money than ever before into the criminal justice system. Even the criminal acts themselves are growing increasingly senseless: every day the papers recount horror tales of murders and other brutal acts committed for no reason at all by gangs of thugs who seem totally oblivious to society's norms. Small wonder that crime has become subject to such wild, emotional rhetoric and political near-hysteria. Nationwide, the network of police, courts and prisons appears to be in total disarray.

In his new book, *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* (Random House, $15), Charles E. Silberman takes pains to point out that there are many types of crime. The theft of merchandise from stores—euphemistically known as "inventory shrinkage"—costs an astounding $5.3 billion, most of the loss stems from employee acts, not shoplifting. Corporate crime, cheating on income tax and expense accounts, consumer fraud, and antitrust violations probably cost billions more—well beyond the cost of ordinary "crime in the streets." On a smaller scale, a great many Americans have been mixed up with the police at some time or another on more than just traffic violations, most of us have broken the law without being detected.

But it is *violent* crime the public seems obsessed with, and as Silberman points out, few subjects are as poorly understood by the people who care about it.

An author of several respected books on race and education, Silberman spent six years poring through mountains of studies and interviewing hundreds of professionals before reaching his final conclusions here. The Ford Foundation helped him establish an advisory panel of jurists, legal scholars, and other experts and put up $537,500—no small sum—to sponsor the staff work and research that it obviously hoped would make Silberman's product a major contribution to our understanding of violent crime. They need not be disappointed with the result. *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice* is one of the most significant, comprehensive examinations of the subject we have had in a long time, even though its conclusions may be susceptible to debate and dispute. Miracle of miracles, the book is also lucid, low on jargon, and only occasionally argumentative.

For years, academics, journalists, and practitioners of all sorts have been writing about various aspects of the crime problem. Silberman's book, in part a compendium of the work of others, presents in effect the state of the art on the subject. But it also contains a perspective gained by the author's fieldwork in patrol cars, in the slums, in courtrooms, and in jails. No matter how much you think you know about crime, there is most likely something here to jolt your preconceptions.

Most of us feel that the criminal justice system today is in a virtual state of collapse, with lenient judges, overworked prosecutors, and a hopelessly clogged court system letting countless crooks go free every day. But Silberman argues that most of the time when offenders are let off, it's because a prosecutor feels he doesn't have the evidence or because witnesses—very often acquaintances of the accused—change their stories or because victims don't show up in court. "Most criminal courts *do* do justice," he says, even though "almost none of them *appears* to do justice."

Most of us also feel that more cops will help wipe out crime. But as Silberman's reporting shows, "The uncomfortable fact is that the police simply do not know what to do to reduce crime."

Some evidence even suggests that beefing up police patrols has absolutely no impact on the incidence of criminal activity in a given neighborhood. Worse, says Silberman, police not only don't prevent crime; they don't solve crimes, either. By interviewing detectives and by spending long hours with cops in the course of their dreary work, the author and his researchers found that detectives almost always learn who committed a crime from someone—a witness, a victim, an informant—who saw the person doing it and not from a Kojak-style piecing together of clues. So much of the cops' investigative information is gleaned from criminal types acting as informants against their rivals that Silberman wonders if the relationship between cop and criminal does more harm than good. His research proves the continuing truth of the old Lincoln Steffens

Steven R. Weisman is a Washington correspondent for The New York Times.

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adage that the police don't catch criminals so much as form friendships with them.

These are just a few of the author's most percussive themes and it is easy to see why they invite controversy. Silberman is not simply questioning the favorite bromides of knee jerk liberals and conservatives he is challenging an emerging liberal-conservative consensus, growing more fashionable by the day, which is calling for tougher sentencing of felons, more cops on the street and more prisons as a way of doing something about crime.

For several years, we've been in a new era on the subject of criminal violence. The days when liberals reflexively dismissed law-and order rhetoric as racism are gone. Political campaigns demonstrate every day that liberals have seized the rhetoric with a vengeance. We are all for law and order now.

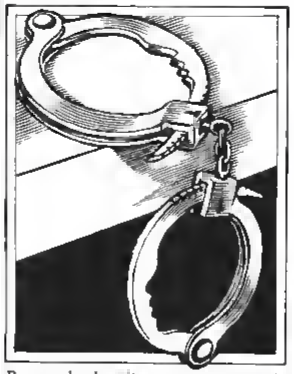
In the old days, for instance—a decade or more ago—liberals questioned whether putting people behind bars deterred others from committing crimes. More recently, a group of neo-conservative critics have been churning out books and articles that have helped reverse even the liberals' thinking by clarifying the concept of deterrence. Among them was James Q. Wilson, the Harvard political scientist whose important book *Thinking About Crime* (1975) did much to revive the idea that crimes ought to be punished for the sake of justice, even if the punishment didn't deter others.

Silberman earns his neo-conservative credentials by arguing that even if we can't prove that punishment deters crime, society demands there be retribution against ill-doers. Crime, he asserts, is a danger to society, not just to individuals, because it undermines our sense of community and our sense of faith in the concept of justice and fairness. "It is not too much to conclude," he says, "that crime threatens the social order in much the same way as does totalitarianism."

Much of what the author states will hardly please the neo-conservatives, however. To begin with, he happens to believe in tackling the very "root causes" of crime—poverty and racial inequality—that Wilson, in *Thinking About Crime*, dismissed as beyond the reach of what government can reasonably be expected to deal with. Silberman also feels that violent crime flourishes because crime of all sorts is, and always has been, pervasive in this country. Street crime has grown in part because of what the author calls "demographic overload"—the huge upsurge in the sheer number of persons in their teens and twenties—but the more important source is identified by him as this country's basic economic and social imbalance.

Silberman's most arguable thesis, however, is his contention that "at its core" the problem of violent crime in particular is "a problem of race . . . to a degree that few have been willing to acknowledge openly."

This is "Law and Order—Without Tears," and we must deal with its arguments as well as its facts.



By race, he doesn't mean genes or innate culture. Crime rates in black Africa are no higher than they are in Western Europe. "For most of their history in this country, in fact," he says, "blacks were victims, not initiators, of violence."

But, adds Silberman, three centuries of oppression, humiliation, and patronizing of blacks forced them to create ways of containing their rage, and the control they have exerted has lost its grip in the last two decades. It is not surprising to Silberman, at least, that individual blacks react violently and criminally to the hopelessness facing them today, what he finds startling is that they have not reacted violently long before.

Acknowledging the risk—and a certain arrogance—in his attempt to delineate the ethnic wellsprings of black violence, Silberman plunges forth to describe the cultural devices he feels "kept violence under control." You don't have to accept the thesis—and it is hard to do so—to find it fascinating, as the author tries to shed light on the image of the "bad nigger," going back to folklore, narrative poetry, and myth and extending forward to *Shaft* and *Superfly*. At the center is his argument that the myth carried an "inverted stereotype" of manliness and virility defined as "random violence and joyless, indeed affectless sexuality" and that aggression became "sublimated" into it.

The danger of this sort of racial argument ought to be clear. Even if he has a point, it is hard to see what difference it makes for what society is supposed to do about the problem at hand. It is hard enough, we know, for government to right the wrongs of economic inequality. The discussion of cultural traits simply reinforces James Q. Wilson's point that governments ought to stick to what they can do best and not try to meddle to change basic deep-rooted problems. Even Silberman has little to recommend to surmount the deep-seated "causes" of crime; instead, he says we will have to be satisfied with certain "modest goals and expectations" within the system.

Given this limited focus, he finds much can be done; his recommendations ought to be looked at by the lay public and professionals alike, which is no doubt what the Ford Foundation intended.

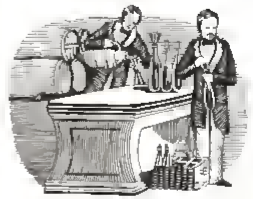
Silberman finds that the well meaning attempt by police commissioners to shift cops around from neighborhood to neighborhood, to avoid corruption, has ended up reducing the individual officer's ties to the community he patrols. He also feels it has been a mistake to professionalize detective squads by establishing them as elite forces of specialists; his research shows that street cops do better detective work than their superiors.

"Catching more criminals . . . would reduce the crime rate," says Silberman. "So would convicting more of those who are caught. But . . . we do not know how to do either." One might conclude, therefore, that we would do better if we simply sent the criminals we convict to jail for longer sentences, but Silberman questions whether increasing sentences is the answer—another example of his relentless skepticism. He suggests that heavier sentences might backfire by causing juries to acquit criminals if a guilty verdict means sending them to jail for long periods of time. He wonders whether taking criminals out of circulation will simply cause more to be recruited into crime by those left behind.

He strongly questions, too, whether politicians in legislatures should be preempting the discretion of sentencing from judges, although Silberman does call for more consistency in the disparate sentences that judges impose. The book also discusses, at length, the tangled debate over plea bargaining by prosecutors, the murky relationship between drugs and crime, the scandal of our juvenile justice system, and the little understood practices of parole boards. Its chief contribution is not that it is merely about the criminal justice system, it is about the nature and origins of criminal violence and the relationship between violence and the jerry-built mechanisms society has created to curtail it.

The author tries not to forget he is talking about people, working in a far-from-perfect and only dimly comprehended world of their own, not just concepts and principles that may satisfy someone's pre packaged ideology. This is "Law and Order—Without Tears," a book that forces you to come to terms with the author's arguments, as well as his facts. ☆

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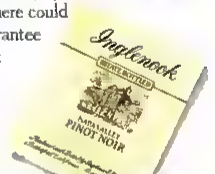


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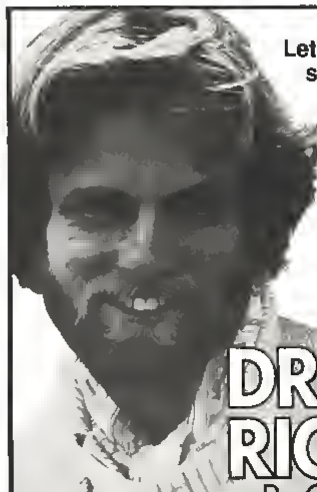
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Another Citizens' Revolt in California

There were no riots over busing; whites simply opened their own "neighborhood schools of the future"

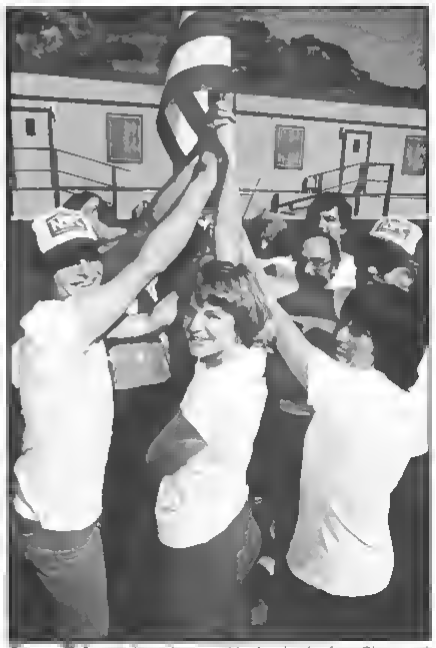
by Richard Reeves

More than 10,000 children were missing in Los Angeles on September 19. By the end of the day, I could find only 300 of them. They were hidden away in a sort of encampment at the end of winding dirt roads and footpaths into the foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains. The place, protected by towering sandstone outcroppings, used to be a burying ground of the Chumash Indians, now it is called Neighborhood School Number One.

The children were in a ring of modular buildings clustered around an American flag, learning reading, writing, arithmetic, and a bit more in a school built by their parents on the outskirts of Chatsworth, a community that still has ranches, in the San Fernando Valley, at the northwestern corner of Los Angeles. Mandatory school busing had come to another city—and these kids were being hidden in what looked very much like what it really was, a rebel camp in the United States.

The rebellion had begun a week earlier, on September 12, when under court desegregation orders, Los Angeles began trying to bus 32,000 of its 550,000 public school students. L.A. CALMLY BEGINS SCHOOL BUSING headlined the *Los Angeles Times* the next morning. It was calm all right, like an empty bus—and many of the buses were damned near empty, especially the ones that were supposed to be carrying white children to schools in black and Hispanic neighborhoods. Only 14,827 of the projected 32,000 students were showing up after the first week, according to an embarrassed board of education, and of those, only 4,092 were white.

The missing children—or their parents—were in a classic revolt against a government they believed unjust. Some had already fled the city, some were boycotting schools, some had transferred to traditional private and parochial schools, some brought their tutors into their homes. But others organized to fight, setting up their own quasi-public schools, establishing what amounted to governments in exile. They built places like Neighborhood School Number One (officially called Chatsworth School), hired



Directors of an independent neighborhood school in Chatsworth defiantly raise the American flag over their newly created campus.

Richard Reeves is the national editor of Esquire magazine.

Photographs by Steve Smith



The principal watches morosely in the background as two white students debark after a crosstown bus trip to enter Griffin Avenue School.

Government itself is seen as the enemy now, and whites view their response as "nonviolent, nonpolitical, peaceful dissent."

their own teachers, planned their own curricula. They simply took over—or took back—a function of a government they detested. In the words I heard over and over again from angry, exhilarated parents: "We took control of our own lives!"

The story is about more than busing, which has already proved to be about as foolish and unsuccessful as any government program since the British imposed the Stamp Act of 1765. Frightening and exciting—and it is both—the latest California revolt is going well beyond the Jarvis amendment, which merely puts restraints on government. The do-it-yourself rebels of Los Angeles, who feel that there are no suburbs to run to in the most sprawling, suburbanized city in the world, are supplanting government—and they are competent, dangerous people who know exactly what they are doing.

It began with an advertisement in March 1977, in the *Palisadian-Post*, a weekly newspaper: "If this were 1877, and we, the community of Pacific Palisades, were faced with the situation of being unable to provide quality education for our youngsters, we would simply do what has been done throughout history—we would build a school, staff it with teachers, and oversee its operation."

A thirty-two-year-old business consultant named David Thomsen placed that ad. Twenty-seven parents responded. After fifteen years of legal delay, state courts seemed ready to order busing, and Thomsen had quit a joint integration committee advising Pacific Palisades schools, saying: "Any politician who thinks I'm going to let my children be bused into Watts is crazy."

Racists. That was the assumption I began with—I thought that I would be seeing an updated version of the southern segregation academies of the Sixties. That impression was bolstered by Thomsen's Palisades Village School Plan—"to be implemented should full mandatory busing be forced on the Pacific Palisades community"—and school brochures with pictures of a vulnerable-looking little blond girl skipping rope under the legend: "The right to insure the safety of the community's children."

Race is certainly part of it. Despite assertions that all races are welcome and despite an occasional dark or Oriental face, in the classroom the new neighborhood schools of Los Angeles seem to have the most gloriously blond student bodies this side of Stockholm. But the rhetoric and passion of the movement is antigovernment. "Nonviolent, nonpolitical, peaceful dissent," reads the founding statement of the Neighborhood School Planning Corporation, the group of parents who set up Neighborhood One in Chatsworth. "The reason for this movement to action is not the planned desegregation of our public school system. . . . The busing of our children is the last straw in a series of bungling maneuvers by bureaucrats who have mismanaged our government and our public school system."

DEALING WITH "THE REAL WORLD"

Government is the enemy now. Marge Timenpel, of Leland, for instance, refused to allow her children to be bused to Barton Hills and then joined the committee that welcomed black Barton Hills students bused to the Leland School. And quite naturally, the effort that the rebelling parents have put into building their own schools from scratch has united them in a spirit and dedication that is strikingly positive except . . . except for the fact that they are people who have consciously set out to destroy the public school system and, incidentally, to condemn poor children to the stunningly bad education currently being provided in almost all Los Angeles inner-city schools. They don't hate the blacks and Mexican-Americans who made up two thirds of the city's public school population before this began. They are totally indifferent to those poor kids—in that way, I think, they represent the consensus of white America, and that is why their do-it-yourself rebellion has such potential for spreading to other areas and other governmental functions. They are respectable vigilantes.

"It all depends on your priorities," David Thomsen told me. "What do you put first? Your own children? The children of the community? The children of the world? Jesse Jackson may be worried about the children of mankind. I'm worried about my own four. He can't understand me, and I can't understand him."

Aren't you just shielding your kids from mankind, from the real world?

"That's not the real world as far as I'm concerned. It shouldn't be the real world. My real world has ethics and a sense of values that I want transmitted to my children. One of the responsibilities of a parent is controlling the child's peer group."

You would destroy the public school system?

"So what? If you look at the reading scores in Los Angeles schools, you'd have trouble arguing that they deserve to survive. . . . Anyway, this is a public school system; it's first come, first served here. This is not a private school favoring religious groups or only the children who can pass entrance exams. This is a public school system for the people of Pacific Palisades. It's *the* neighborhood school system of the future."

I suspect he's right on that last point. If the Los Angeles rebels succeed, they will be pioneers of a three-track educational system: private schools for intellectual and financial elites, "neighborhood" schools for the great middle classes, and a day-care institutional public school system for the dark and poor. Of course, it could be argued that the rise of quasi-public schools like Palisades Village and Neighborhood One would just institutionalize what already exists and that busing in general—and Los Angeles busing in particular—is a charade covering up the sad realities of public education in America.

Certainly no one with power in Los Angeles wants to face facts. Howard Miller, the president of the city's board of education, reacted to the first day of busing, a day in which several buses did things like carry one student thirty miles and in which only 17 of 130 assigned white pupils actually appeared at one inner-city school, by proclaiming victory: "In Los Angeles, in September 1978, the schools did open uneventfully, peacefully, decently, and well . . . [this] shows that it is possible to have quality integrated education in an urban area." The *Los Angeles Times*, which shares a national wire service with *The Washington Post*, chose not to publish a *Post* interview, on September 18, with James Coleman, the sociologist whose federally supported research led to massive, racially dictated busing, in which Coleman said that busing is "counterproductive," that "what once appeared to be fact is now known to be fiction."

"It was a mistaken belief . . . wishful thinking," continued Coleman, whose 1966 report for the United States Office of Education, "Equality of Educational Opportunity," concluded that disadvantaged students learn better in integrated surroundings. Now, after twelve years in which one urban school system after another has become more heavily segregated because integration schemes produced escalations in white flight to the suburbs, Coleman says his data, 660,000 questionnaires, was wrong. "It is not the case," he told readers in many cities, but not Los



A nearly full busload of students ready to depart for school. More than twice as many minority students complied with integration orders.

What is going on in Los Angeles is a huge practical joke, well meant but crazy. The "massive busing" is not massive at all.

Angeles, "that school desegregation, as it has been carried out in American schools, generally brings achievement benefits to disadvantaged children."

If Coleman—and over a hundred later studies on which he based his change of mind—are right this time, then what is going on in Los Angeles is a huge practical joke. Well meant but crazy. And that overview is only half the lunacy because Los Angeles is not actually integrating its schools. The massive busing everyone talks about is not massive at all. Of the city's more than 500,000 students, perhaps 63,000 are involved in integration plans, either voluntary or court ordered. (A few voluntary plans seem to be working rather well—minority students exercising the legal option to enroll in any school in the city, for example, and the pairing of a superior white school, Pacific Palisades Elementary, and a superior black school, Baldwin Hills, in an upper-middle-class black neighborhood.) Even with busing, more than 260,000 black and Hispanic students are in "racially isolated" schools, which, in the 710 square miles of the city's school district, are defined as being too far away from white people to make busing feasible. Edwin Markham Junior High School, in Watts, for one, is 98-percent black, and according to school documents, "Eighty percent of Markham's students have never talked or related with students from any other ethnic minority or majority group."

That was the world David Thomsen saw—and he didn't want any part of it for his four children. When he told that to a board of education official, Thomsen says, the official answered: "Then get out of town." Instead, he placed his ad in the *Palisadian-Post*. By May of 1977, he had raised $15,000 in corporation membership fees from 500 families, and planning began for the Palisades Village School, which would have only three grades—fourth, fifth, and sixth, the grades being bused. The corporation quickly discovered that under California law, schools are simply small businesses, that the state is concerned about fire and safety regulations but not about things like curriculum.

"DON'T GET MAD, GET EVEN"

So, the parents went about setting up their own school. Modern California revolutions, it turns out, begin with garage sales and wine-and-cheese parties to raise money to hire experienced teachers at $8,500 a year, half the going rate in the public schools. The tuition was set at $1,500 a year—the Los Angeles system spends an average of nearly $3,000 per public school pupil—and classes began for a hundred children on September 12 in leased quarters in the old Palisades Men's Club. One hundred sixty-five applicants were turned away because there just wasn't room at the club.

"It was easier than you'd think," said Thomsen, standing in front of the pretty little brick building while fourth graders played kickball in what had been a parking lot for four cars. "We had help from Howard Jarvis. See those houses across the street? Last year, those people were paying two thousand five hundred dollars in property taxes. This year, after Jarvis, it will be around eight hundred dollars. So no one has to give up bread for tuition. They're giving up one trip to Las Vegas."

Thomsen, who has taken no money for his work, was organizing Palisades Village while other busing opponents were holding rallies—and he has contempt for organizations like Bustop, which he considers just political types making noise and accomplishing nothing. "Don't get mad," he told Palisades parents, "get even."

When word got around about what he was doing, Thomsen, who was once a school teacher, was approached by other parent groups around the city, particularly in the western San Fernando Valley, where at least six of the new neighborhood schools are now handling some 1,500 pupils. It all looks quite professional. There are no bands and football teams, but Neighborhood Schools One and Two, which handle students from kindergarten to the eighth grade, do have a small science laboratory and an experienced superintendent of schools, Dr. Garth Stephens.

The curricula are stripped because parent surveys in several communities showed that people really did want a return to fundamentals—reading, writing, and what is now called computation.

They are, as far as I could tell, real schools. Which you would expect, considering that the governing board of Neighborhood One and Two, which charges $1,000 tuition, includes the owner of a large printing house, two company presidents, a college professor, and people with such titles as project manager and marketing manager. They are the same parents who have pledged 200 hours a year in school volunteer work—or be fined $200—and who are in the Santa Susana Mountains on weekends holding jackhammers and wiring air conditioners. It's hard work being a rebel.

Where will it end? The rebels of Los Angeles talk of victory and a separate school system for their children and children like their children. The Palisades Village School, Thomsen's baby, is negotiating for property to build a 700-student school. Neighborhood One has students registered through 1988. And, probably, it will end with a poorer America, an increasingly segmented society, more and more self-oriented, with those who can, doing for themselves. For those who can't, like kids in Watts, that's tough.

That, as Dave Thomsen says, is the real world. ⊞



David Thomsen, who organized the independent school movement in Pacific Palisades, explains, "It all depends on your priorities."

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Johnny Miller: The Selling Of a Loser

With $1 million in endorsements, who needs to win a golf tournament?

by Philip Taubman

It is the day before the opening round of the Professional Golfers Association (PGA) Championship, at the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh. The grounds keepers are cutting and trimming, making sure every blade of grass is in place. The pro golfers, clad in their double-knit plaids, are bent over balls on the practice green, trying to make last-minute adjustments in their stroke. The pillars of the golf establishment gather on the porch of the elegantly understated clubhouse, debating whether Jack Nicklaus can win another. All is in order for the decorous rite known as a major golf tournament. With one exception. Several blocks from Oakmont, inadvertently locked out of the house he has rented for the tournament, Johnny Miller is standing behind the bushes in his backyard taking a pee.

It's been that kind of year for Miller. The biggest name in golf four years ago, the winner of eight tournaments and a record $353,021 in prize money in 1974, and the man who won tournaments with unbelievable scores, like twenty-five under par, Johnny Miller can't string together four decent rounds of golf anymore. He hasn't won a tournament in two years, and heading into Oakmont, where he won the U.S. Open in 1973 with a remarkable sixty-three on the final day, Miller stood one hundred and second on the PGA money-winning list this year. Few athletes have fallen as far as fast.

None have fallen as softly. While Miller is shooting bogeys faster than his caddie can score, he is raking in money faster than his accountant can calculate. Miller remains today what he was at the height of his golfing success: one of the most efficient moneymaking machines in sport. The loss of several hundred thousand dollars in annual earnings from tournament winnings has hardly dented his overall income. He holds endorsement contracts with no fewer than twenty-two corporations around the world and earns better than one million dollars a year from them. Despite the golfing slump, Miller's endorsement income has increased 20 percent over the last two years. This summer, after playing miserably and missing the cut at the British Open, Miller turned around to find Slazengers Limited of England offering to negotiate and *increase* their contract to produce "Johnny Miller"

Left: Miller's meal ticket—22 products from armored cars to mattresses, which he endorses in the U.S., Europe, Japan, Australia

Roving editor Philip Taubman frequently writes about sports.

Photographs by Michael Alexander



A relaxed Miller surveys the Silverada golf course in Napa, California, where he practices most days when not on the pro tour

golf equipment in Great Britain

Miller is proof that Andy Warhol was only partially right when he said that everyone in our society would be famous for fifteen minutes. What Warhol didn't say is that some people would then live off that instant of fame for years. This is exactly what Johnny Miller is doing. Numerous athletes make money after their best years on the playing field—look at the retired jocks featured in Miller Lite beer commercials—but this income is not steady or sizable. A few athletes like Arnold Palmer or O. J. Simpson continue to make a fortune from endorsements no matter how well they play, but Palmer and Simpson earned their keep with years at the top of their sport. Johnny Miller is different. He was a winner for only a few years. The extent and endurance of his earning power is completely out of proportion to his athletic achievements.

The reason is that Miller, or more accurately his agent, Edward Barner, realized that relentless promotion and merchandising could do for Miller what years of athletic success and visibility did for Palmer and Simpson—give him a name and an appeal that transcend sport. Every time Johnny Miller pockets $10,000 for playing an afternoon round of exhibition golf—something he has the opportunity to do twelve to fifteen times a year—or deposits a fat check from Sears, Ford, or Wilson Sporting Goods, he is a testament to the triumph of brazen promotion over honest achievement. In many ways, he is an artificial hero. Johnny Miller, the man, was long ago swallowed up by Johnny Miller, the image.

Ed Barner planned it that way. A brash, hard-driving salesman who learned his trade as an agent for International Famous Artists, Barner opened his sport business, Unt-Managers International, in 1968, in Los Angeles. His first client was fellow Mormon Billy Casper, then one of the top winners in golf. Except for a six-month stint handling scheduling chores at the Nixon White House, Barner has been representing golfers and other celebrities since. Not that he has forgotten his President. Barner thinks Nixon was unfairly driven from office. He spent a morning at San Clemente late this summer, trying to persuade Nixon to step up his return to public life by appearing in charity golf exhibitions. When I saw Barner a few days later, he announced, "Here's something *The Washington Post* always wanted." He paused, letting the mystery ripen for a moment, then slowly opened a small box on his desk. A white golf ball inscribed with the presidential seal tumbled out. "Nixon's balls," guffawed Barner.

When Barner met John Miller in 1969, he saw the potential for a killing in the young golfer. Miller's game was promising. Better, his appearance and personality seemed ideally suited to selling. Blond hair, searching blue eyes, statuesque, articulate but unassuming. With a few adjustments, a few victories, and a lot of selling by Barner, Miller, also a Mormon, could become the golden boy of American sport.

In exchange for 25 percent of Miller's earnings, Barner began to offer advice on the packaging of John Miller. First, change that name to Johnny. "John is a very stiff, common name," Barner told me, recalling his early recommendations to Miller. "Johnny is entirely different. It's easy, natural, approachable. Johnny, he's a friend." Miller, to his credit, resisted the change. "I had a terrible time," says Barner. "He thought it was phony." Eventually, Miller relented. Then Barner looked at his client's short hair and told him to let it grow. "And for God's sake," he told Miller, "stop washing your hair with hand soap. Use shampoo." "He had this great hair," says Barner, "but he wasn't taking advantage of it." Soon, Miller had a shock of silken blond hair falling across his forehead. Finally, there were visits to speech and drama coaches to help Miller project better in public. Barner did not miss a trick.

"I wasn't trying to merchandise something that wasn't there," explains Barner, talking, as he often does, as though Miller were an inanimate product. "Johnny Miller is a natural, all-American boy. He is the man every woman wants for a son, brother, or lover." More important, Miller was rapidly becoming the kind of man every company wants to use for endorsements. Sears was



At a hurried conference in an airport lounge, Miller and his agent, Edward Barner, talk about ways to schedule new commercials.

interested in using him to advertise clothing, Wilson wanted him to help sell golf clubs and balls. Gillette saw possibilities in having Miller endorse hair sprays and dryers. (Barner could congratulate himself for having suggested that Miller let his hair grow.) All these companies shared the feeling that a Sears executive summed up for me. "Johnny Miller is our kind of guy. He looks good, and he's not a rebel or a maverick." The image was starting to take hold.

It found the perfect growth culture in the corporate environment, where endorsement deals are won and lost. Golf is the lubricant of business. It is the game most businessmen play for recreation as well as the sport around which they often conduct business. That gives a golfer like Miller a tremendous advantage over other athletes in dealing with sports-minded businessmen, or "jock sniffers," as they are known in the trade. The average corporate executive can't spend an afternoon scrimmaging with his favorite pro football player, but businessmen can and do pay $10,000 to $15,000 for the privilege of having Johnny Miller or Jack Nicklaus come play eighteen holes with the firm's best customers. A clothing manufacturer can't get Reggie Jackson to play baseball in slacks and a sport shirt, but golfers can be fashion models while they compete before millions of viewers on TV.

Enter Johnny Miller, attractive, friendly, a soft-spoken family man. Send him out to play nine holes with the president of a company looking for a new personality to promote products. How can Roger Staubach compete? Remind a clothing company that Miller can wear their product while he is playing in the Masters. How can Johnny Bench match that? Ed Barner was a master at playing these angles.

For Barner, though, the initial endorsement deals were not an end in themselves. "The compensation was not as important as the exposure," he says. The idea was to increase Miller's visibility by getting him on television in commercials. Make him a household name, and that would generate more and better endorsement deals plus increased press coverage at tournaments. That, in turn, would stimulate still more exposure and income. It was a novel, brilliant, and shameless shortcut to fortune—instead of spending ten years making a name for himself on the golf course, Johnny Miller would catapult to fame through commercials. Sixty seconds shilling for Sears on national TV would be worth ten birdies and an eagle at Augusta National. If a box of Tide could swing a golf club, Ed Barner might never have bothered with Johnny Miller.

As Barner was getting Miller launched, Miller had the good fortune to get hot on the golf course. The day after Miller shot sixty-three at Oakmont to win the U.S. Open, his first major title, he and Barner spent three hours at the airport calling the president of every company that had signed Miller to do commercials. Agent and golfer thanked the executives for their support. Barner did not have to mention that Miller would now be an even more



The Miller family: Linda and Miller's five children at the golf course lake that adjoins their six-bedroom home in Napa.

Executives can't spend the day scrimmaging with pro football players, but they can and do pay Miller $10,000 to play golf with their best clients.

valuable personality for endorsements.

It was the perfect opportunity for Miller to take full advantage of Barner's promotion strategy. Endorsement offers flooded in. Through them, Miller could take that crucial step from being a sport star to being a national celebrity. Sears offered the ideal vehicle. Instead of having Miller advertise regular Sears apparel, Sears decided to produce an entirely new line of clothing called Johnny Miller Men's Wear. With that step, Miller parted company with Sears's other athlete attractions—Tom Seaver, Gale Sayers, and Bob Griese. Johnny Miller became a brand name. Since Miller Men's Wear was a new product, priced higher than typical Sears clothing, the company prepared to invest heavily in advertising. Before the campaign was finished, Sears spent many millions advertising Johnny Miller. During the 1976 Summer Olympics, Nadia Comaneci and Bruce Jenner got all the headlines, but Miller probably got more air time on TV appearing in Sears commercials. They could not have been better suited to fostering Miller's image if Barner had written them himself. Hour after hour, like subliminal advertising, they drove home their theme: "Johnny Miller is a winner. Johnny Miller is a winner." Half the country probably didn't know who Johnny Miller was, but they knew he was a winner.

The stampede was on. No matter that Miller had won only one major title. He was treated as if he had won twenty. Princess Hotels hired him as "golf coordinator." Slazengers was selling Miller golf clubs and balls in Great Britain. Ford paid Miller to advertise Thunderbirds, Gillette shot commercials with scenes of Miller showering, shampooing, and shaving. Miller sold Simmons mattresses and Del Monte tomato juice. The Japanese, already addicted to golf, were captivated by Miller, and soon he was a one-man conglomerate there, selling vegetable juice for Kikkoman Shoyo Company, golf equipment for R.K. Mizuno



Learning early John Miller Jr., aged eight, watches his father swing at the Silverado course next to their home. Young Miller plays the course almost every day, averages fifty-two for nine holes, and placed second and third in two tournaments this summer.

Once people accepted Miller as a winner, his name would sell products indefinitely. "Our goal was an image," says his agent. "That image was success."

Sporting Goods, belts and purses for Nagura Company, and golf balls for Dunlop. The Australians were not far behind, contracting with Miller to represent everything from lawn mowers to Brinks-type trucks.

The money was pouring in, but the big payoff for Barner and Miller was the entrenchment of the Miller image. Once consumers and manufacturers unquestioningly accepted Miller as a winner, his name would sell products indefinitely. To reinforce the commercial exposure, Miller appeared on all the talk shows. He was the star attraction on a Bob Hope-Gillette special. The jokes were lame.

Johnny: "I'll leave the jokes to you, Bob. Golf is my business, laughter is yours."
Bob: "What brought you to that conclusion?"
Johnny: "Watching you play golf."

And Miller stumbled on delivering his punch lines, straining to read the cue cards. But the air time was what counted.

"Our goal was an image," says Barner, "and that image was success. We wanted an image that would last. When success waned on the golf course, as we knew it had to someday, it wouldn't matter. In the minds of the buying public, Johnny Miller would still be a success. A name that sells products. That's the way it has worked. It's like building an ark. You build it before it gets wet. It's much harder working in the rain."

After two years of steady downpour, Miller's ark is clearly in good condition. The evidence is not just in the upward curve of endorsement income and the brisk turnover in Miller products. There is also the attitude of the businessmen. No group bought the Miller image more than the business community. Otherwise skeptical executives have a blind faith in Johnny Miller. "Johnny Miller is one of the greatest golfers of all time," Joseph Phillips, at Wilson, told me before I could finish introducing myself. "He'll be back as strong as ever. He's a winner. His image with



Miller checks out the small Hereford herd at his ninety-five-acre ranch in Napa Valley, where he also raises grapes and oat hay.

Wilson is not tarnished at all." Wayne Holsinger, group national merchandise manager at Sears: "Sure, it was nice when he was winning tournaments, but it doesn't hurt the line when he has a bad year or two. Frankly, we don't worry about whether Johnny Miller is winning all the time. We signed him because he's a winner as a man." Maybe these guys have seen too many Sears commercials.

Occasionally, the Miller image does require some preventive maintenance. Last spring, Miller and Barner invited the businessmen who sign Miller's paychecks to spend a week—free—in Acapulco. They were wined and dined, the men played golf with Miller, the wives danced with him, and thoughts of Miller's golf slump evaporated in the warm Mexican sun. It was the next best thing to winning a tournament. Cost to Miller and Barner: $30,000.

Barner and Miller must also be careful that small but irritating mistakes do not chip away at his reputation. Miller, sometimes forgetful, showed up at a Slazengers exhibition in England this

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summer with his Wilson clubs. Whoops. It wasn't good politics after missing the cut in the British Open. "Johnny has improved his people power," Barner says confidently. "Now we're trying to educate him to accept more responsibility. It's been easier to program him and guide him than to teach him."

When I quoted that line to Miller, he shook his head in despair. "Ed Barner is some piece of work," he said with an air of old anger and resignation. Living with Barner's crass salesmanship for eight years has been easy on Miller's pocketbook but hard on his independence of spirit. A good-natured guy with simple tastes—Miller is one of the most unpretentious people in sport—he is embarrassed by some of Barner's more blatant promotions. Now that Miller has no golf victories to justify the selling of himself, he is facing the reality that a lot of the Johnny Miller image was manufactured.

"What Ed would like me to be and what I am are very different," says Miller. "He'd like me to be the perfect pro golfer. He probably wanted to make me into the perfect person. You know, I'm supposed to win all the time. Well, I can't. He'll take me to a party with a lot of fat cats and tell me to stay there for four hours making friends. It's all business to Ed. I hate that. I just walk out after an hour, and then you should hear Ed blow his top. My idea of a great time is fishing in Montana." It sounds as if Miller, if he gets up the courage, may part company with Barner out of irritation with Barner's strongly paternalistic attitude. "He thinks he's my father," says Miller. "I don't need that." It is not exactly easy to feel sorry for Miller, or Barner.

Miller has also concluded that part of his problem on the golf course is the heavy endorsement load he carries. "If I had to do it all over again, I probably wouldn't represent as many things," he says. "I probably wouldn't have an agent. It's not that I'm too busy making commercials. The trouble is that I'm probably too secure financially. When you're overpaid, you tend to get lazy. You lose some of your motivation to win." Miller also feels pressure to produce for companies like Wilson, whose advertising is most effective when it can show Miller with "the clubs that won the U.S. Open." "I sure would like to win one for Wilson," says Miller. "I'm sorry I'm not playing better."

In a way, Miller is trapped by the image Barner created. Miller would like nothing better than to quit golf for a few years and retire to his ranch in Napa, California, to be with his wife and five children. But he feels obligated to perform. "To win again. It will be so sweet," he says.

Poor guy. He just ought to sit back, relax, and watch a few of those Sears commercials. Forget all the bum drives into bunkers, Johnny. Forget all the four-putt greens. You're a winner. ■

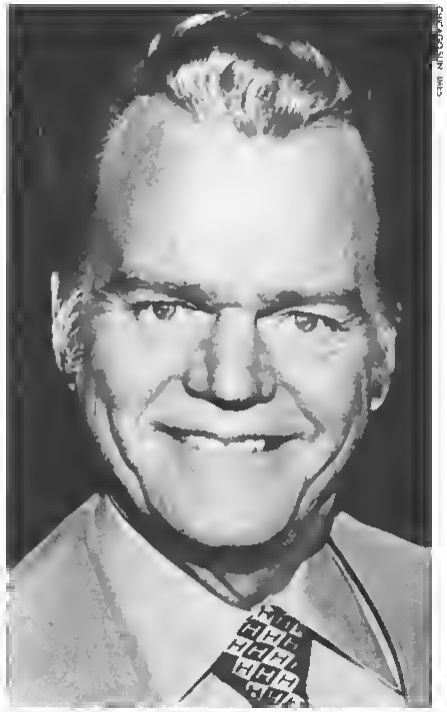
Paul Harvey— The Rest of the Story

How Paul Aurandt became Paul Harvey, who may be America's highest-paid broadcaster

by William Brashler



PAGE ONE! *This man said the feds in 1951 was Paul Aurandt*



PAGE TWO! *This man now has every reason to cover up his past*

It is predawn, dark and quiet in the city except for the hissing compressors of all-night street crews, the occasional passing of empty taxicabs along Chicago's Wacker Drive and North Michigan Avenue. It is an in-between time, when night people are quitting work and day people haven't begun.

Except for one man. He sits alone beneath fluorescent lights in an expansive, richly furnished office. The light is so brilliant he wears tinted glasses. He drinks Kava, which washes the lump of oatmeal in his stomach. His fingers run along the console of his IBM typewriter, snapping out adjectives and turned phrases.

"*What's new! Vitamin C prevents rust!*"

Though it is Chicago, and he is one of that town's veteran newsmen, he sits not in a pair of shiny trousers, a rumpled shirt, nor a smudged tie—not with a fedora, an eyeshade, a wet cigar in a tin ashtray, nor a beaker of Jack Daniel's in the top drawer.

Instead, he wears a creased, tailored pair of sky-blue slacks, blue suspenders, a beige silk shirt, a blue, precisely knotted silk tie, an expensive toupee that awkwardly ducktails in back, and soft leather shoes. He sits not in a crowded city room, not among newspapers and newspaper copy, trash bins nor copyboys. He is

William Brashler is a writer novelist currently living in Chicago

not Ben Hecht, Finley Peter Dunne, Ed Lahey, Mike Royko

Chicago has a kissing bandit! Distracts a woman with a kiss while he takes her purse.

Long pieces of yellow paper roll out of the typewriter as he taps away. He pauses, turns in the leather chair of his buried walnut desk. A three-foot-high digital clock in the corner illumines the time, now 4:37 A.M. He begins typing again, sound absorbed in the soft carpeting and leather of the office, its matching sofas, a chrome coffee table containing a single paperback with his photo on the cover, dried flowers in a sheaf in the corner, an etagere with carefully placed books matching Chinese plates, an autographed LeRoy Neiman original, a medal with a red white-and-blue ribbon. Over a chair near the desk lies a lightweight, brushed-leather jacket. He gets up and walks briskly into the hallway with his coffee cup in hand, returns with it steaming. He is undistracted. The typewriter starts up again.

The helicopter fell into the crowd; its blades still turning. Those blades, and I'll try not to be too graphic about this, those whirling blades killed seven, including Mary Beth's mother.

He is a tall, massive man, six foot four inches, and where he once lumbered around with 235 pounds, he is now a jogger's 200. He has a craggy, leathery face, tanned from the golf course; the authentic hair on his head is still dark blond. He is sixty years old, was so on Labor Day, 1978.

Despite the hour of the morning, and the fact that he is completely alone, he is awake and alert, clean-shaven, washed, fastidiously groomed, the tie tight at the throat. His blue eyes dart about the yellow pages of copy, his pointed, prominent nose and pointed, prominent jaw lined with intensity. This is his daily work, the putting together of a product as only he can.

My goodness! You hear about that wedding in Los Angeles? Formal wedding! Two dachshunds.

What he does, five days a week, year round, is the biggest thing on the air. He is an industry unto himself. Each week his typewriter bats out eleven radio news broadcasts, ten television commentaries, three newspaper columns. He is heard each day on 774 radio stations across the country, another 400 overseas; he is read in 300 newspapers; he is viewed on 120 television outlets. Watting out there—some still sleeping, some pushing open barn doors and pigpens, others heading for assembly lines, delivery trucks, warehouses, offices, wearing uniforms, work clothes, housecoats, prison grays—is an estimated weekly audience of thirty-five million. Those millions tune to their local ABC stations at noon, sharp. They listen religiously, patriotically, fanatically, bemusedly—but most important of all, regularly.

Transit drivers in Toronto are on strike for the second time in four years. They were out for twenty-three days in 1974 and at that time they jammed downtown traffic and caused a dramatic rise in reported sexual assaults on women hitchhikers.

He receives more than 50,000 letters a year from them, letters about their work, their anniversaries, their complaints, peeves, and politicians. They buy products because he says he personally uses them, they send him postcards asking for information about insurance policies because he asks them to send him postcards.

I'll see that you get a free booklet telling you about this add-on insurance which can fatten the cushion under your uncertain future. Write me, Box 7196, Chicago.

But more than anything, those millions of loyal listeners have made this vivacious Chicago newsman an institution, and a very very rich one. As he sits in the privacy of his plush, personal office, in the ever present fumes of his aftershave and the silk of his soft apparel, he may well be the richest newsman in the country—Barbara Harry, and Walter notwithstanding. What he pecks on the yellow sheets, the way he pecks it, and how he intones and modulates and projects and milks it once the red light of the studio goes on—it all brings this balding, blue eyed blustering broadcaster an income that may approach $2 million a year. All in Yankee dollars, all because each day millions of Americans anticipate him saying:

"Hello, Americans. This is Paul Harvey. Stand by for news!"

Harvey has done it that way for more than thirty years—and recently signed with ABC for seven more—concocting a grab bag of news from a combination of wire services, personal and network staff writers, unpaid stringers and friends, gossip columnists, *U.S. News & World Report*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Grit* (a good-news newspaper that is a staple in farmhouses and small towns throughout America), his unbelievable mailbag, and his own personal flair.

Listen to Paul Harvey and you will get an assortment of headlines, a host of human interest stories, the latest on his current crusades, a few downright wacky stories, a "bumper snicker" ("Seen in Helena, 'Keep Montana Beautiful'—Shoot a Developer"), a mention of a divorce, then of a marriage lasting fifty years or more, a personal endorsement of a sponsor's product, a humorous anecdote or two.

The woman bought herself one of those new whirlpool baths, opened the drain while she was still sitting in it, caused her bottom to stick to the bottom, had to call the fire department to get her unstuck. She's suing.

The formula seldom varies. "*Page two*." "*Page three*." Except when Harvey wants to run on about something: the beauties of Oregon, the perils of taxation, the laziness of too many Americans. But not often. Then (pause), "*Paul Harvey. Good day!*"

NEWS AND COMMENTS

It is masterfully done. Harvey knows who his audience is and how to talk to them, from tucking in notices of quilting bees and sewing lessons in small towns to lacing the news with horrors of big cities: general mismanagement, waste, licentiousness, godlessness and gayness. He has a sense for workingmen sitting around with their barn-shaped black lunchboxes full of bologna sandwiches, Hostess HoHos, and thermoses of coffee, the retirees parked at kitchen tables, the farmers, clerks, merchants. He knows what regions of the country listen to him most, how it gets so hot out there, and how a man's worth in such places is usually measured by the strength of his back.

So he talks to them, takes them into his confidence, mentions his family—"my Angel" (his wife, Lynne), "son, Paul"—and theirs. Then God, the flag, the church, the county courthouse. If you listen to him every noon, you can depend on something. He is safe, predictable, passionate, inspiring, funny, intent on a few big targets in behalf of a few little men: on cherishing old friends, and on championing the righteous, the just, the good, the married, the calloused, the Christian, the patriotic, the meek.

His is Paul Harvey News and Comments, not some amorphous, corporate news broadcast. A lot of care and feeding goes into that identity and into the man's personal image, reinforced by his warmth in personal appearances and by the loving embraces of wife and son in book jacket photographs. Attempt, however, to get behind that image, America's Paul Harvey, and something begins to ring false.

He is more of an entertainer than a journalist, more of a silken-voiced pulpit thumper than a news broadcaster, a latter-day Walter Winchell: not radio's equivalent to Walter Cronkite. And that, perhaps, is why the rest of the media has never taken Paul Harvey seriously. Most of the prose written about Harvey has come up roses. When they have written about him, reporters cite numbers—outlets, listeners, percentages, station income, longevity. Or they refer to his cracker-barrel, homespun dramatics, his antediluvian political philosophies, his tone of voice, his mailbag. But they don't really consider him a part of the hard-news industry.

When magazines and newspapers have sent writers to do profiles on Harvey, they have usually sent members of the feature sections or columnists with an eye for "offbeat" characters—and Harvey just seems to fit.

And just as with all the copy that emanates from Paul Harvey News, or his Paulynne Productions, so the personal publicity released about the people behind the voice is carefully packaged and managed. Usually, a writer must schedule an interview weeks ahead of time—many have waited months, some years—and then he is allowed to participate in a closely staged routine as set up by Harvey's secretary and smoke screen, June Westgaard. The formidable Miss Westgaard instructs the writer that on a given day, he will come to the news studio, watch Harvey give a radio commentary, then accompany him and his wife, Lynne ("Angel"), to the television studio where he will tape the week's worth of television commentaries.

Illustrations by Julian Allen

"A healthy outlook's essential to a healthy body. . . . If you have an affirmative outlook, your body is less likely to turn sour. . . . The public disgrace of Watergate littered hospitals with its victims. . . . Hubert Humphrey was such a happy warrior until his party bypassed him in favor of Carter; coincidence or not, it was then that he developed bladder cancer. . . . Chet Huntley, bedeviled by criticism of his Big Sky Ranch, surrendered his life to cancer. . . ."



THE PACKAGE TOUR

A good many of the writers are then driven in Harvey's chauffeured limousine with Paul and Angel out to their three-story stone mansion in an exclusive suburb west of Chicago. They will arrive there around noon, often in time to listen to the noon broadcast, and they will meet Paul Jr., a six-foot-seven-inch balding string bean, now thirty, who will be dressed in a suit and tie, properly cordial and generally quiet.

The writer will small-talk with the Harveys, sip a glass of wine or champagne—an odd luxury, since Harvey has always ranted against liquor—and then join them for lunch. At the table the family will all join hands, and Harvey will recite an old-time Baptist blessing. They will eat a lunch prepared and served by the Harveys' domestic staff, then stroll to the living room—which is done in pink, like much of the house, and full of fresh cut flowers. There they will answer questions with Harvey giving long, articulate, canned replies: things he's been saying for years. The family will also pose for pictures, many of which will catch Paul Sr. holding hands with Angel, she behind her adoring smile, is not only a strict *mater domus* but also the fierce protectress of the Harvey empire's bottom line. Paul Jr. will sit off in the corner or perhaps play something on the piano if asked, the beaming father standing over his talented son, entranced.

Everyone will continue to sip wine, but when a photographer poises to shoot, the glasses will quickly be put out of sight. After an hour or two, the interview will be brought to a friendly close: the family will step out to the front door and pose again in front of the house. Both father and son remain in jackets and ties, Dad's toupee in place and smooth, and Mother will smile in an attractive, expensive designer outfit: her hair set and stiff.

The chauffeur will then drive the interviewer back to his home base, and the writer will generally deliver a story bubbling about the enthusiasm of Paul Harvey on the air—his quips and bumper snickers—then reveal that he is just as animated and mesmerizing in person. The writer will frequently describe the posh trappings of the wealthy newscaster and add that the real drive behind the engine is the man's dynamic Angel. Harvey will be quoted as saying she is "demure" or "dainty," or that she "wears her Phi Beta Kappa key in her shoe"—and that things family and home are just warm and good. Very, very good. Most writers, and there have been several, have played along. (Women reporters have received huge floral arrangements delivered to their doors shortly after publication.) Any writer who gives signs of not wanting to fall into line can easily be stalled, put off, or simply refused. I found this out when I attempted to penetrate the united family front. Unscheduled visits, spontaneous research, or just plain nosing around is forbidden. Individual interviews are not permitted with family or employees—and those who dare to talk will only spout company superlatives about the Harvey operation. June Westgaard, who literally guards the flanks of the Harvey operation from headquarters in downtown Chicago, also steadfastly refuses to be interviewed, replying to

such requests "It has not been done that way, and it will never be done that way"

There are several good reasons why not

THE PERILS OF PAUL

Paul Harvey s success has to do with his image If Paul Harvey rails about divorce, dishonesty, lack of patriotism, cowardliness, sloth, strikes, welfare recipients, Communists, criminals, weak-kneed judges, lily-livered politicians, unwed mothers, infidelity, and broken homes, it follows that he means it that he lives what he stands for, that he is honest, reliable, and sincere And so he cares for and fosters that image cures it, guards it—and even lies on behalf of it

He began embellishing that image some twenty-seven years ago, after an incident that almost ended his career

Late in 1950, Harvey, already a popular ABC broadcaster at age thirty-two was contacted by two security guards at the Argonne National Laboratory Argonne was a federal atomic research installation near Lemont, Illinois, just outside Chicago The guards complained to Harvey that security at the facility was miserable, that carloads of civilians regularly passed onto the grounds without being checked To Harvey, the story was a natural It was the time of the cold war, the Communist scare, Joe McCarthy, and Paul Harvey was in the middle of all of it He was building a following conditioned to hearing of the Red menace, an audience certain to be appalled at laxity at one of America's nuclear laboratories What the gullible Harvey didn't seem to appreciate was the fact that security guards at Argonne were negotiating for a new contract They were dying to embarrass their bosses in some way

On February 6, Harvey drove to Argonne sometime after midnight accompanied by two men, one of them an off-duty guard who'd tipped him to the story Once there, he proceeded to heft his 235 pounds over a ten-foot-high fence only to catch his coat on the barbed wire at the top The fuss was spotted by on-duty guards who rushed over and grabbed Harvey as he fell to the ground while attempting to flee his coat still caught on the top of the fence

Harvey's two accomplices got away, but the young broadcaster was arrested and detained by federal authorities They found his Cadillac parked in nearby bushes Inside, on the front seat, were identification papers and a script that detailed the lax security conditions Harvey thought he was going to find

The story hit all the papers, with Harvey stubbornly maintaining that he worked for the investigative divisions of several unnamed government departments and that he was on a secret assignment Chicago reporters went after the story with old-time tabloid zeal, for they looked upon Harvey as a kind of weirdo, a gesticulating, Commie-hunting right-winger who had fueled the paranoia and the venality of the McCarthy era They climbed all over him, asking him to prove his credentials, looking into his background

Thanks to Harvey himself, reporters had a peculiar ally The FBI was already thoroughly annoyed at Harvey's constant grandstanding and his charges that the agency was negligent in security matters, they did a check of his background They cross-referenced federal rosters and found Harvey worked for no secret agency They then went into his military service record, and it was there that they found material that was less than flattering, some of it was leaked to the press

WHO IS PAUL AURANDT?

What the FBI found was that Paul Harvey was actually Paul Aurandt, born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1918, raised by his mother after his father had been killed in a hunting accident in 1924 (Not in the line of duty as a law officer on Christmas Eve, as Harvey has often claimed, but that is another story) Aurandt was inducted into the Army Air Corps on December 2, 1943, and reported to Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas He never made it to the front lines in Europe or the Pacific

" . . . Goof-off students default on loans and graduate unable to read or write. . . food stamps used to buy booze and sex, and I wouldn't say I couldn't prove it. . . ."



In January 1944, a month after induction, Aurandt was admitted to the base hospital He'd slashed his heel with a razor during what was termed a depressive dream Further hospital records showed Aurandt to have severe mental problems, and doctors considered him emotionally unstable At various times, Aurandt exhibited behavior described as bizarre and often broke into fits of crying when he discussed his problems

Records showed that sometime later, Aurandt, who was already a pilot, taxied a plane about the airfield without authorization finally crashing it into a fence

On March 15, 1944, Aurandt received a medical discharge from the Army with a certificate of disability by reason of psychosis An Army Insanity Board determined that Paul Aurandt needed psychiatric treatment He was then transferred to the VA Hospital in North Little Rock, Arkansas, where he received further psychiatric care On March 29, 1944, Aurandt was discharged from the VA Hospital His last known whereabouts, according to the hospital's records, was Chicago

Particularly annoying to Harvey during the Argonne incident were the reporters' repeated questions about why he had changed his name With the kind of information lingering in his military files under the name Aurandt, the reason wasn't hard to see

The story finally burned itself out Harvey appeared before a federal grand jury and insisted he was acting on behalf of the security of the country, not just after a scoop He hired two lawyers, and a right-wing congressman Fred Busbey, from Chicago, testified on his behalf Security guards and federal officials also testified, and the jury finally decided not to indict anybody Two security guards were suspended, including one who'd contacted Harvey in the first place The incident was generally forgotten

Though Harvey denies it, sources say that ABC wanted to fire

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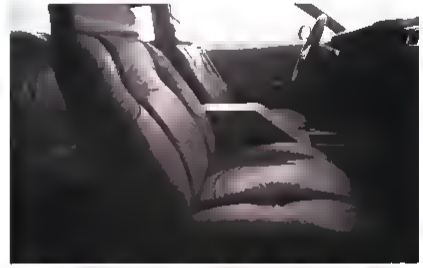
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"Our Supreme Court has begun to take a right turn. The era of deference to the rights of wrongdoers has begun to phase out. Of the Supreme Court's last one hundred and seventy-six decisions, on balance, lawmen gained more than they lost. I can't prove a relationship, but there was a decline in serious crime last year. . . ."



him for the stunt, and only some last-minute lobbying by him and the late Cornelius O'Dea, the network news director, averted the ax. By that time, Harvey had amassed a solid national radio following with his daily homilies from Chicago, and it was argued that if he kept his nose clean, he would be okay. He did that, kept up his support of McCarthy—Joe stayed overnight at the house in 1954—and also, not surprisingly, began courting J. Edgar Hoover, whose investigative capabilities Harvey now knew firsthand. Harvey's own Commie-hunting talents were already notorious and surpassed only by those of Hoover: the director's public stature grew with Harvey's every broadcast. Harvey, not so coincidentally, became good friends with Clyde Tolson, Hoover's close buddy and aide.

Through the years, while the press and the public generally forgot the Argonne caper, Harvey himself learned a valuable lesson from the incident. He carefully began erecting a curtain of secrecy and fantasy around the facts of his personal life. He created a singular self-image with references to his activities during the war, his martyred father, his close family life.

And he got away with it. Today, most of his critics, even his enemies and normally resourceful reporters, never bother to check him out.

They accepted at face value the contention that he'd changed his name, Aurandt, to Harvey "because it is difficult to spell and pronounce," even though it isn't.

They believed him when he said his father was a lawman killed in the line of duty on Christmas Eve, when the man was actually killed in an Oklahoma hunting accident.

Today, at the height of his power, Harvey disdains elective office, claiming he treasures his freedom to speak his mind. And although few other public figures in America wield the political clout of this broadcaster from the midlands, Paul Harvey enjoys the luxury of an unexamined life.

I LOVE YOU, MR. PRESIDENT

There have been few bumps in the free ride given Paul Harvey, and he has grown adept at sustaining, institutionalizing his image. Only occasionally has the going been rough. The last time occurred in the late 1960s, long after Paul Aurandt was embarrassed at the Argonne Laboratories. It came about when this country was mired in the swamps of Vietnam.

Harvey was at his most livid in those years, and maybe at his best. The enemy was clearly visible here and abroad, but especially here. Long hair, peace protesters, draft dodgers, the list was endless, and all were ducks for his noontime cannon shots.

He was a hawk's hawk. He wanted to drop an atomic bomb on North Vietnam and bomb Haiphong Harbor with everything we could drop on it. He wanted to win the war like we'd won all the others we'd ever fought. His oratory was stronger than everybody's, from Curtis LeMay to S. L. A. Marshall and Lewis Hershey, and he was louder and more eloquent than all of them.

Then something happened. Harvey began to talk of "parking it or driving it." Winning the war over there or getting out. And at the end of the 60's, he made his epic about-face. He started out his broadcast by saying, "Mr. President, I love you, but you're wrong."

That led to daily sermons about how wrong the war was, how we weren't fighting it to win it, how we should get out. The switch brought him more than 25,000 letters that first day and thousands for weeks on end. He speaks of it today as his biggest crisis, his most crucial personal decision.

"I came up under Douglas MacArthur's philosophy—the only excuse for getting into a war was to *win* it. But then it seemed that with Vietnam, much as I advocated drive it or park it, we were determined just to stand there, mark time and *bleed*

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The CRS-2200 also includes two built-in 2-way speaker systems with 5-inch woofers and 1¼ inch tweeters. Plus, total mechanism shut-off, locking pause control, cue and review, tape counter with reset, line-in and out jacks, sleep timer function and two VU meters.

THE WORLD'S FINEST PORTABLE STEREO RADIO/CASSETTE DOUBLES AS THE CENTER OF A HOME MUSIC SYSTEM.

The star of the line, the exceptionally versatile CRS-4000, is a truly portable stereo music and cassette recording system that can be used as the center of a high performance home audio system*** by plugging in a magnetic phono and two external speakers. Only a bit larger than an ordinary portable radio/cassette, the Superscope by Marantz CRS-4000 is loaded with the very finest performance and convenience features. Including two built-in 2-way speaker systems with 6½ inch woofers and 1¾ inch tweeters for outstanding transient response and instrument definition.

21 EXCITING MODELS WITH A PRESTIGE NAME AND A POPULAR PRICE TAG.

Students, businessmen, professionals. Everyone is a customer for Superscope by Marantz tape recorder products ... 21 models loaded with the most wanted features and priced to fit almost any budget. Portable cassette recorders, portable stereo cassette decks and portable combination radio/cassettes now carry the name that means quality and performance—Marantz—at prices that make Superscope by Marantz products an unbeatable value.

SUPERSCOPE BY marantz

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc. † Shown as model CD-320. Both models identical except for two head design on CD-320. **For compatibility with all tape formulations. ***Includes External Speaker Jacks, and Magnetic Phono Inputs. Plus a full complement of line inputs and outputs to accommodate virtually any sound source. ©Copyright 1978 Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311



Your new GM car and Delco-GM sound systems... made for each other.

When it's time to order that beautiful new GM car, instead of one of those sensational-sounding new Delco-GM sound systems. Built to the sort of specifications that only specialists in sound on wheels understand, designed specifically for your car. For stunning, supremely sound specific to Name of Delco-GM sound system. See your GM dealer for more. Ask about the "for-model" specialists of Delco-GM sound systems.



Delco Electronics Division
General Motors Corporation

And then I began looking around, with the urging, may I say, of my wife and my son I came to realize that the best we'd been able to leave them on the other side of the world in Korea, despite the expenditure of all of those lives and the continuing occupation of what was then about fifty-five thousand men and the *awful* extravagance in gold, the best we'd been able to leave them over there was a military dictatorship And it seemed to me that the *best* we were going to be able to leave them in Vietnam, despite the *worst* we could do, was the perpetuation of another kind of military dictatorship and that the perpetuation of military dictatorship anywhere in the world was not worth the expenditure of one American life It was then that I suggested that we about-face out

But those who were close to Harvey at the time said something different happened Sometime in the late Sixties, Harvey saw *not* that the "best we were going to be able to leave Vietnam was a military dictatorship" but that his son had reached draft age

Now it is one thing to advocate total war for other people's sons but quite another to recommend it for your own, only son Whether or not Harvey thought his son should be a soldier or that he should fight for his country was secondary because, according to sources close to the family for years, Angel, the dominant influence on her son's life, had no inclination in hell to see her son get anywhere near live ammunition

Lynne Harvey has always held an iron hand over the family and the family business A former honors student with a masters in English, she is the one who pushed Harvey to Chicago and major-market radio and the one who promoted and syndicated him once he got there Through the years, she has run the offices at home in the mansion, while Harvey has been the boss downtown But Lynne's influence, on occasion, has invaded even her husband's posh downtown sanctuary Harvey's personal secretary, a middle aged woman who had been devoted to him for many years in the role of girl Friday, sometime business agent, and close confidant, was replaced by June Westgaard, one of Mrs Harvey's secretaries It was Mother who purchased the home next door for Paul and his socially acceptable bride, Tanya Hastings, the daughter of an associate of the wealthy right-wing insurance tycoon W Clement Stone

Reports vary about how Paul Jr —who goes by his father's legal last name, Aurandt—felt in the late 1960s about being drafted But in the end, with his mother's encouragement, he became a conscientious objector

The whole thing presented an awful conundrum for Dad On the one hand, he was for the bomb droppers and the ass-kicking infantry, on the other, he was the parent of one potential bombardier and infantryman His image, in the face of it all, could crack like an egg if his son refused to go

So, Paul Sr handled professionally what he couldn't manage personally He made his traumatic about-face, went public, and told Mr Nixon he loved him but didn't mention his son's decision on the air

Again, as he'd done years before after the fence climbing at Argonne, Harvey had survived with his skin

On other fronts, things have been much easier to gloss over Harvey is the commentator, not the one being commented on. He kept the looking glass on the private lives of others, on the personalities of politicians and news makers, the glass was not turned on him When media columnists wrote about writers, the boys on the bus, the people behind the camera, they never hit him, never laid him open like they did the likes of Gay Talese, Dorothy Schiff, Clifford Irving In Chicago, he hardly ever made the gossip columns, and only occasionally the feature pages Yet daily he spoke to millions, made more money for ABC radio than any other broadcaster, ruled the medium, and remained personally untouched

Had someone done a little digging, they would have found another Paul Harvey, a much different character than the one projected over the airwaves, a slightly different family man than the one glowingly alluded to in holiday soliloquies

CAREFREE COWBOY

For years, the family has owned a Spanish-style second home in Carefree, Arizona, a planned community of exclusive spreads for the well saddled; an idyllic hideaway for a close-knit family (Harvey also talks much about his retreat in the Missouri Ozarks, but the family seldom goes there) A number of actors and entertainers have homes in Carefree, and the Harveys' home, which cost them about $100,000 some years ago, was one of the smaller ones It has a double garage and a studio with news service wires coming into it

For a few weeks each year, usually in January or February, the family would stay there and Harvey would originate his broadcasts from the house with the help of a skeleton ABC staff It was a choice assignment for the crew, the weather balmier than back home in Chicago The time schedule was such that the day's work was usually completed by 10 30 A M , after which Harvey usually took off alone into the hills, leaving the staff and his family to themselves

For Angel and young Paul, however, it was no idyll Angel hated to go there and complained about it often She is a city person, a doer, a woman at home with her husband's business, her friends, her societies The town of Carefree provided none of the hustle and bustle she loved

In addition, the home had only two bedrooms, so there was no room in the early



1979 Buick Regal.
The difference between a car you like and a car you love.



BUICK
After all, life is to enjoy.

Do you wear clothes you're afraid to act natural in, because they might wrinkle?

Haggar introduces the holiday wardrobe you can relax in... without worrying about wrinkling. It's Today's Dacron®.

Now that the holidays are coming, you'll want to buy some new clothes.

Here's a tip. If you're the kind of man who wants good-looking clothes you can relax in, without their becoming baggy and wrinkled, be sure the clothes you buy are made with Today's Dacron®.

Today's Dacron® polyester is an advanced fiber from Du Pont which turns suits, slacks and sport coats into handsome, well-tailored clothes with natural good looks, natural comfort, super-natural performance.

So relax and enjoy this holiday season and look well dressed, well pressed in clothes made with Today's Dacron®. You'll find them at fine stores, and you'll know them by this tag.





Haggar suits, slacks, sport coats shown 100% Dacron® polyester

Du Pont registered trademark
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT

" . . . The harder we work the more the tax man takes away from us so he can use our sweat money to buy the votes of the lazy do-nothings, to pay bounty for loose-living professional baby makers!"



Sixties for small Paul, he was fast becoming a young man. He roomed at the Carefree Inn along with the ABC people, spending most of his time practicing piano.

It was during those long hours in the dry, clear Arizona air that Paul Jr. confided in his father's employees and they became his close friends. He talked about his life, his music, his family, his frustrations.

The crew in turn developed a liking for the kid, a feeling for him and the world he was tucked into. They saw him as the stereotypical only child, yet one with even different problems. One described Paul Jr. as living in "a velvet trench." None of them were lovers of fine music, but they all began to believe that his playing was very good, that what he lacked in talent he recovered in longing, that the world of his music was a refuge.

The boy's father was often absent even there, roaming the Arizona hills for long hours at a time. Oklahoma born, he had always fancied himself an outdoorsman, a cowboy, a grass muncher, sitting under the stars and drinking coffee with mud in it. So he spent his time away from the house, sometimes with some of the boys in Carefree, searching for Indian relics or just drifting.

Back home, in the Harveys' garage, a magnificent, costly saddle sat on a wooden pedestal. It glistened and squeaked and was smooth to the touch, but though Harvey claims to have used it, sources say for years it never felt a living horse.

Inside the house, Angel, the thin, coiffed, driven Phi Beta Kappa, would sip her coffee. From the open windows of the Carefree Inn would waft the haunting, intricate chords of Scriabin and Rachmaninoff.

HIT-AND-RUN HOMILIES

None of this would be relevant to a man's career had he not made a profession of exposing the private miseries and conceits of others. Few are spared. There is no more self-righteous missionary to the unwashed and unscrubbed and insincere than Paul Harvey, no bigger nag to those who have not made it or cannot cope or find themselves poor, unemployed, hungry, or, perchance, too greedily grasping for the brass ring.

Attend any one of the more than 100 lectures he gives a year—at a nonnegotiable fee of $10,000 each, among the highest in the country, which puts his yearly gross for outside speaking alone at more than one million dollars—and you will know that he pulls no punches, observes no delicacies.

His meanspirited speeches at times rival those old time Spiro Agnew filibusters, complete with run-on alliteration. He will castigate the media, excluding himself, for what he sees as its obsession with bad news. "We say that this nation's free press tells it like it is. Tommyrot! Unless it is bleak, black, or bloody, you'll never see it on page one."

Yet he often leads off his broadcasts with crime stories, and many of those involve bleak and bloody incidents instigated by violent but mentally ill people. A man is found hanging from a second story window ledge of a Chicago building wearing women's underclothes, those of an elderly woman that police say he had raped and murdered a few days before. The suspect has a long history of mental illness and hospitalization, and the story is tucked deeply and discreetly inside the newspapers the next day. Harvey reports it on his own Page One, identifying the man by name to his millions of listeners.

The examples go on and on, hit-and-run homilies in which he usually tells only half the story. As Harvey reported it earlier this year, a man named Jesse James Spencer—whose name made him "a born bank robber"—was thwarted in his attempt to rob a bank when a teller told him to fill out a withdrawal slip. The man became confused, ran, and was caught. He was brought to court, Harvey reported, and found "innocent." And then in low, somber tones, Harvey added, "The judge: Frank Machala."

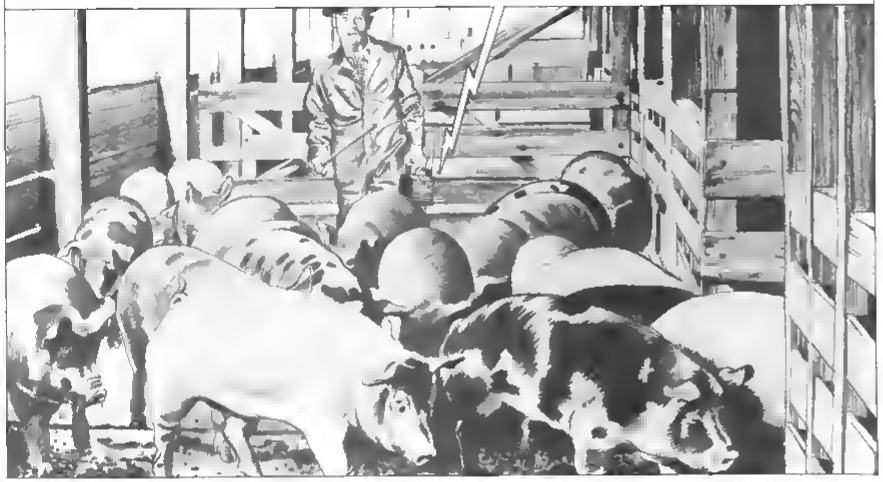
The rest of the story, of course, was that Jesse James Spencer also had a long history of mental disorder and erratic run-ins with police. He was indeed brought before Judge Machala and in five minutes found innocent by reason of insanity and remanded to the Illinois Department of Mental Health for confinement and treatment.

Ironically, Harvey's fondest segment is called "The Rest of the Story." But it is a soft-news, five-minute afternoon radio spot, less than 1,000 words of copy, in which Harvey talks about some person or place in history as if he were your grandfather and you were six years old. The stories are inverted in a hokey way, keeping you in suspense as to whom or what he is talking about. "... Steve Morris was not a typical child," a standard segment begins, and five minutes later ends with "... Steve Morris, from the time he was ten, was never known as anything ... but Little Stevie Wonder." Again and again, daily, about everybody from Van Cliburn to Howard Johnson.

A collection of broadcasts was published by Doubleday last September, titled *Paul Harvey's The Rest of the Story* (*TROTS*), and authored by Paul Aurandt—Paul Jr., of course. In the months following publication, father and son—the latter a kindly, agreeable sort in contrast to his effuse, hard-charging father—tripped around the country promoting the book on talk shows and radio programs. Before his many lectures, Harvey signs the tome for the hundreds of fans who put down the $7.95 cover price and file by. At any chance he gets, Harvey plugs *TROTS*, often beginning, "If there is anything young Paul and I learned while researching these stories ... "

But the rest of the story reveals no such father-son research and writing team. While Paul Jr. does write some of the segments, and has since 1975, neither he nor his father do the research. In fact, Harvey usually knows nothing about the basic material until it is plunked down before him in the studio.

" . . . With several other welfare benefits which occupants can claim, that poor family, for doing nothing, has been upkept by you at $13,000 a year. . . . A conservative estimate of these costs for the so-called poor people brings the total bill to approximately $20,000 per family per year. So maybe it's time we remind the politicians that the only poor people in our country are those who work for a living!"



Harvey originated the program in the 1950s. For years he picked up additional segments wherever he could. A general offer of $10 per script was once made to the ABC radio staff. Few would bother, so Angel wrote most of them until 1975.

SONS OF THE RICH

Now Paul Jr. claims to be sole author of the series, something he says he decided to do in 1975 and that would be more lucrative than his concert piano playing. Still, those familiar with the Harvey operation suspect Angel is still the source of much material. Paul Jr. admits that he doesn't do the digging; his wife, Tanya, does some, and the rest is done by various unidentified researchers.

When asked if he is paid well, Paul Jr. laughs and says, "I'm happy." And well he should be. The job of putting together only five short radio spots (out of a total of sixteen his father broadcasts each week) might well be the best writing job in the country. For it, Aurandt receives not only a salary and royalties from the book but the benefits of remaining in the fold. He and Tanya are also chauffeured about and enjoy the good life Daddy leads. And Paul Jr.'s latest, and most impressive, residual is the wedding present his mother gave him in 1977—a fourteen-room, Tudor-style mansion right next door to the parents' suburban estate outside Chicago.

The Harveys' staff helps keep up Junior's home, which is complete with four fireplaces, library, sound room, lady's sitting room, patio, and powder room—and a well-worn path that connects the adjoining sideyards. The family limousine is parked in Junior's garage each day by the black-capped chauffeur.

So it goes with the sons of the rich. But to listen to Dad you'd never know it. It's strictly hard times at his son's home.

Harvey has always been a master at using and reusing material, shaping it, molding and slanting it to meet every new occasion, every new place. He has literally used the same phrases for twenty years. Yet sometimes he stretches his material so far that it is sheer fantasy.

In a recent lecture before an audience of 4,000, he paused to talk about son, Paul, whose book he'd peddled as usual by the hundreds in the lobby only a few minutes earlier... the same son who purportedly wrestles with him at the family's Missouri retreat, who challenges him with new ideas at the dinner table.

"My son has been married a year next month," he began, "and the young folks are still too happy to care about what I'm going to share here, but it hurts me to realize that both of them have to work, and really very hard, to make ends meet. And that with both of them working, their take-home pay is less than what a poor family in Chicago receives for doing nothing."

And then he went on—not to talk about his son's existence in the velvet trench, of limousines and domestic staffs and research help, of the Tudor mansion and a weekly work load that the average cub reporter on a daily newspaper could do in a day and a half, of a salary that Harvey himself pays. No, he went on to rail and rant and smoke and scream about greedy black people on welfare in the nation's public housing projects. "These pusillanimous parasites . . . the nonworkers with backyards full of beer cans . . ."

But that is production, that is style. People who have come to expect it adore him and his corresponding views, which are at once sexist, racist, pro big business, antiunion, pro police, antigovernment, pro capital punishment, antisocial welfare—or, unfortunately, they pay no attention to him at all.

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

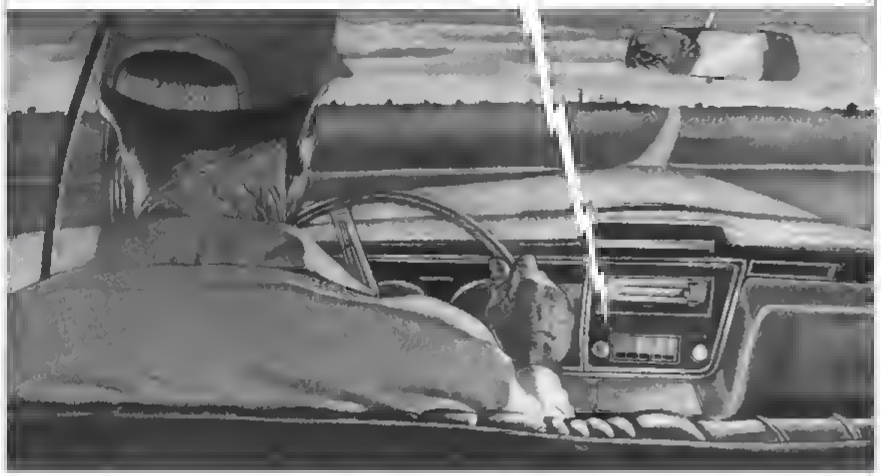


Bushmills.
The world's oldest whiskey.
What individuals have poured into their glass since 1608.

The "Musician" glass & coaster created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1978

" . . . But that night I took my troubled heart back to Miss Harp, and she did not laugh. She sensed that a very young man was at the crossroads and that he might be permanently scarred by what she said. . . . 'Paul, never feel resentment for those who have more than you, just do all that you can for as long as you're able to preserve this vast, wonderful land in which any man willing to stay on his toes can reach for the stars. . . .'"



Early in the afternoon, Paul Harvey's navy-blue limousine pulls up beside the office building on Wacker Drive. He strides quickly through the lobby and hops in the backseat. The car heads out to the airport, where a chartered Lear Jet awaits to take him to Tulsa, Oklahoma. In no time he is in the air, heading for his hometown and for the thousands of people at the Mabee Center of Oral Roberts University (ORU) who are getting their batteries recharged at an all-day positive-thinking rally. He is scheduled for a 5:25 address, and the legions are waiting for him.

When his jet lands in Tulsa, he is met by another limo arranged by the positive thinking people; it is long and black and part of the fleet of the Heath-Griffith Funeral Service. Harvey settles into the limo smiling, still unwrinkled and fresh, a small black leather case in hand.

He will say later that he went over his notes on the way to the Mabee Center, but he has no need for review. His speech is as mastered as his daily newscasts, every word part of a performance he's been giving and reliving for twenty-five years, only lightly buffed for the locale, the occasion, the times.

The funeral home's car turns onto the ORU campus. It is something Paul Harvey can deeply appreciate, a private testimony to one man, a collection of spires and towers and classrooms filled with that man's photograph and presence, built with money personally mined from the hearts and pocketbooks of believers. It is a true monument to the cult of personality. Harvey cannot help but be somewhat envious, even though the campus is a ghastly collection of what can only be described as the Lunar School of Architecture.

But enough of that. Inside the Mabee Center are thousands of Oklahoma's positive thinkers, feverishly taking tips from speakers telling them how to sell and prosper, resting between pep talks as an audio system blares out the theme from *Rocky* as well as the songs "You Light Up My Life" and "I Did It My Way."

But before he goes onstage, Harvey ascends a platform in the lobby and autographs hard-cover copies of *The Rest of the Story*. Again, hundreds of believers lay down $7.95 and buy the book in order to get his Magic Marker imprint—"Paul Harvey. Good News!"—and to shake his hand. For a half hour, they troop by. He smiles and throws his head back in laughter, greeting the old and the young alike, watching as the rally officials keep photographers and autograph hounds between the cordons, keeping the line moving. Sales are brisk. His presence is bigger than life, a fact helped not only by his six feet four inches but by the platform, which makes him seven feet four inches, his neon smile, which adds another foot, and that unmistakable set of pipes, which reaches him to the heavens.

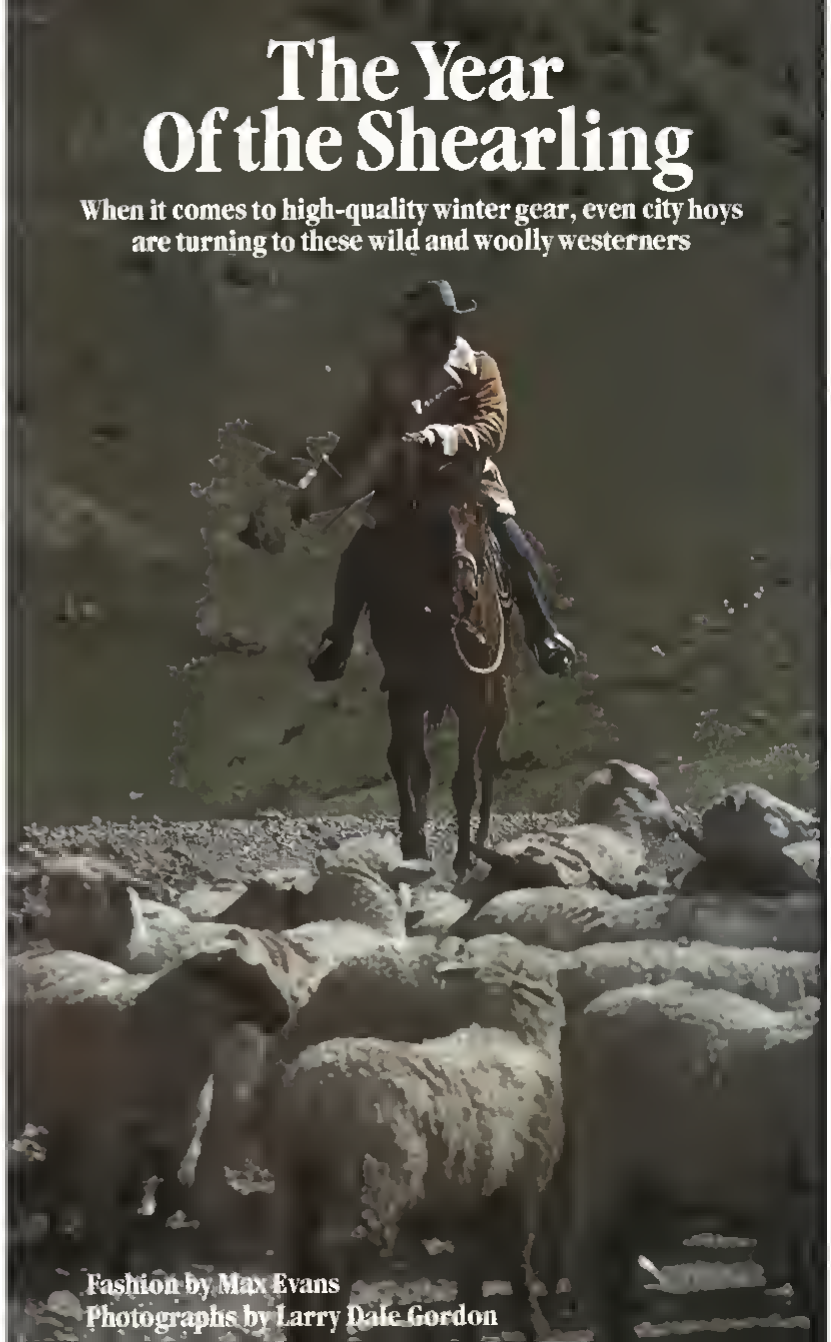
In minutes it's time, however, and he must come down from his platform to ascend the podium. His introduction lacks only a drum roll. He is America's "most sought-after public speaker, radio's man of the year, winner of eleven Freedom Foundation medals, named salesman of the year . . . has been quoted in the *Congressional Record* more than any other commentator . . . most often the word used to describe him is 'courageous.' He is the 'voice of the silent majority,' the 'burr under the saddle of the American conscience. . . .'"

It goes on until he emerges from the shadows, glowing and tall, raising his arms as the faithful jump to their feet and applaud him for long seconds. Paul Harvey Aurandt stands back, spreads his arms anew, beams, and blesses them all.

'Good evening, Americans. It's good to be home!" ■

The Year Of the Shearling

When it comes to high-quality winter gear, even city boys are turning to these wild and woolly westerners



Fashion by Max Evans
Photographs by Larry Dale Gordon

The western range war between sheepmen and cattlemen is over now, and the lamb is on the rise. Freshly shorn wool—stimulated by the turn of U.S. fashion to the natural-fiber look—has nearly quadrupled in value over the last seven years. And the new popularity—east and west—of sheepskin vests and coats has helped to boost the delivery price of sheep on the hoof.

Colorado shepherd Manuel Rodriguez (left) takes his prized herd high into the upper reaches of the state's San Juan Mountain range each year, where the air stays cool twelve months round and supplies must be jeeped in weekly from the town of Montrose, 120 miles away.

Rodriguez must move his sheep to new grazing land in a calm, orderly manner. He keeps out the midday chill in a thigh-length shearling coat by Sears. Available at all principal Sears stores, about $220.



Don't be misled by the down-home look of these two range riders DeLoyd Satterthwaite (left) and Sutton Allison (right) are two of the most prosperous sheep ranchers in all the western states Satterthwaite runs several Nevada herds of the finest Rambouillet breed, his stock numbering in the thousands, while his Texas sidekick, Allison, does his business traveling from his home, in San Angelo, by air, he owns and pilots a Beechcraft Baron

For luxury and warmth these two shearling coats would take a blue ribbon at any country fair or city men's shop On DeLoyd (left), a full-length single-breasted and belted coat by Jeffrey Banks. Available at Bergdorf Goodman in New York and at all Neiman-Marcus stores; about $1,000. On Sutton (right) a knee-length double-breasted coat in mottled suede with big collar and shearling-lined pockets by Bert Paley for After Six Available at Al Raskin Joliet Ill. Morville stores, Philadelphia, Saks Fifth Avenue N Y $600.

Drinking water for stock kept in the Colorado high country during the warm season comes from melting snow. Grazing on high mountain ranges during the brief summers, the sheep make good use of the otherwise unexploitable forages.

This inviting stream has cut a narrow divide between lofty 12,000-foot peaks, but the first snows of winter come early here and will have already slowed the flow. The icy cold will now drive sheep and herders down the slopes to lower pasture, closer to civilization.

Satterthwaite, kneeling to sip the clear water, wears a waist length shearling-lined suede jacket with front zipper and deep collar. Available at Charivari, N.Y., Alandales, Los Angeles, The Clatherie, Scottsdale, Ariz. $775. Allisan wears a knee-length double-breasted suede coat with shearling lining and collar and horn buttons by Lakeland. Available at Nordstrom, Seattle, Lyttan's, Chicago, Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn, $435.



Shepherds, even out west, once worked their flocks on the open range, traveling on foot with only a dog as companion. But now, most of the western sheep raisers, like Nevadan Satterthwaite (right), do their ranching on horseback. Even that may change soon. The concept of fenced pastures—stringing hundreds of miles of wire fence around mountain and valley ranges—is catching on fast, and many sheepmen find they can tend their far-flung herds more effectively by helicopter, leaving Trigger at home for leisure-time riding.

Nevada rancher Satterthwaite rides up with the layered look, horseman style. He wears a curly lamb vest decked over a well-worn western jacket. Vest by Lee Levy for QMB, Available at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, and Rich's, Atlanta, $325.





RESURRECTION



W A L T Z

FICTION BY THOMAS McGUANE

A self-contained excerpt from the new novel of a major young writer

This is the first time I've worked without a net. I want to tell the truth. At the same time, I don't want to start a feeding frenzy. You stick your neck out and you know what happens. It's obvious.

Out on the patio, I could see the horizon. The dog slept in the wedge of sun. There were no boats, the sea was flat. I had a pile of scandal magazines to see what had hit friends and loved ones. There was not one boat between me and an unemphatic horizon. I was home from the field of agony or whatever you want to call it, I was home from it. I was dead.

Thomas McGuane's new novel, Panama, *will be published this fall.*



The first time I ran into Catherine, coming from the new wing of the county library, I watched from across the street noting that her Rhonda Fleming, shall we say, *grandeur* had not diminished. It seemed a little early in the present voyage to reveal myself. I sat on the wall under the beauty parlor, just a tenant in my self, or a bystander, eyes flooded, pushing my fingers into my sleeves like a nun. I thought, *When I find the right crooked doctor, I'm going to laugh in your face.*

I followed her for two blocks and watched her turn up the blind lane off Caroline where the sapodilla tree towers up from the interior of the block as though a piece of the original forest were imprisoned there. This spring they dug up the parking lot behind some clip joint on lower Duval and found an Indian grave, the huge skull of a Calusa seagoing Indian staring up through four inches of blacktop at the whores, junkies, and Southern lawyers.

So I sent her flowers without a note and two days later a note without flowers and got this in return, addressed "Chester Hunnicutt Pomeroy, General Delivery": "Yes Chet I know you're home. But don't call me now, you flop you —Catherine." I went into the garden and opened the toolshed: bug life running out among the rake tines. I got the big English stainless-steel pruning shears and came, you take it from me, *that* close to sending Catherine the finger I'd lost in her darkness so many thousands of times. The palmetto bugs are translucent as spar varnish and run over your feet in the shed. The sea has hollowed the patio into resonant chambers and when the wind has piped up like today you hear its moiling, even standing in the shed with the rakes and rust and bugs.

I felt better and lost all interest in mutilating myself, even for Catherine. Tobacco doves settled in the crown-of-thorns and some remote airplane changed harmonics overhead with a soft pop like champagne, leaving a pure white seam on the sky. I was feeling better and better and better. On stationery from my uncle's shipyard, I wrote, "There is no call for that. I'm just here with respect of healing certain injuries. Catherine, you only hurt hurt hurt when you lash out like that. I don't believe you try to picture what harm you do. —Chet." I traced my finger on the back of the sheet with a dotted line where the shears would have gone through. I said nothing as to the dotted line. It seemed to me with some embarrassment that it might have looked like a request for a ring.

I dialed Information and asked for Catherine Clay. The operator said it was unpublished. I told her it was a matter of life or death, the operator said, I know who you are, and clicked off.

When they build a shopping center over an old salt marsh, the seabirds sometimes circle the same place for a year or more, coming back to check daily, to see if there isn't some little chance those department stores and pharmacies and cinemas won't go as quickly as they'd come. Similarly, I come back and keep looking into myself, and it's always steel, concrete, fan magazines, machinery, bubble gum, nothing as sweet as the original marsh. Catherine knows this without looking, knows that the loving child who seems lost behind the reflector Ray-Bans, perhaps or probably really is lost. And the teeth that were broken in schoolyards or spoiled with Cuban ice cream have been resurrected and I am in all respects the replica of an effective bright-mouthed coastal omnivore, as happy with spinach salads as human flesh, and who snoozing in the sun of his patio, inert as any rummy, Rolex Oyster Chronometer imbedding slightly in softened flesh, teeth glittering with ocean light like minerals, could be dead; could be the kind of corpse that is sometimes described as "fresh."

"I am a congestion of storage batteries. I'm wired in series. I've left some fundamental components on the beach, and await recharging, bombardment, implanting, *something*, shall we say, very close to the bone. I do want to go on, but having given up, I can't be expected to be very sympathetic."

"That's all very pretty," Catherine Clay said. "But I don't care. Now may I go?"

"There's more."

"I don't care. And above all, I don't want you stalking me like this in the supermarket. I can't have you lurking in the aisles."

"It's still the same."

"*It's not, you liar, you flop!*"

Slapping me, crying, yelling, oh God, clerks peering. I said, "You're prettiest like this." She chunks a good one into my jaw. The groceries were on the floor. Someone was saying, "Ma'am? Ma'am?" My tortoiseshell glasses from Optique Boutique were askew and some blood was in evidence. My lust for escape was complete. Palm fronds beat against the air-conditioned thermopane windows like my own hands.

Two clerks were helping Catherine to the door. I think they knew. Mrs. Fernandez, the store manager, stood by me.

"Can I use the crapper?" I asked.

She stared at me coolly and said, "First aisle past poultry."

I stood on the toilet and looked out at my nation through the ventilator fan. Any minute now, and Catherine Clay, the beautiful South Carolina wild child, would appear shortcutting her way home with her groceries.

I heard her before I could see her. She wasn't breathing right. That scene in the aisles had been too much for her and her esophagus was constricted. She came into my view and in a very deep and penetrating voice I told her that I still loved her, terrifying myself that it might not be a sham, that quite apart from my ability to abandon myself to any given moment, I might in fact still be in love with this crafty, amazing woman who looked up in astonishment. I let her catch no more than a glimpse of me in the ventilator hole before pulling the bead chain so that I vanished behind the dusty accelerating blades, a very effective slow dissolve.

I put my sunglasses back on and stood in front of the sink, staring at my blank reflection, scrutinizing it futilely for any expression at all and committing self-abuse. The sunglasses looked silvery and pure in the mirror, showing twins of me, and I watched them until everything was silvery and I turned off the fan, tidied up with a paper towel, and went back out through poultry toward the electric doors. Mrs. Fernandez, the store manager, smiled weakly and I said, "Bigger even than I had feared." The heat hit me in the street and I started. I think I started home. It was to feed the dog but I was thinking of Catherine and I had heartaches by the million.

I went home and fed the dog, this loving speckled friend who after seven trying years in my life has never been named. The dog. She eats very little and stares at the waves. She kills a lizard, then, overcome with remorse, tips over in the palm shadows for a troubled snooze.

I could throw a portion of my body under a passing automobile in front of Catherine's house. A rescue would be necessary. Catherine running toward me resting on my elbows, my crushed legs on the pavement between us. All is forgiven. I'll be okay. I'll learn to remember. We'll be happy together.

I had a small sharpie sailboat which I built with my own hands in an earlier life and which I kept behind the A&B Lobster House next to the old cable schooner. I did a handsome job on this boat if I do say so, and she has survived both my intermediate career and neglect. I put her together like a fiddle, with longleaf pine and white-oak frames, fastened with bronze. She has a rabbeted chine and I let the centerboard trunk directly into the keel, which was tapered at both ends. Cutting those changing bevels in hard pine and oak took enormous concentration and drugs, not the least problem was in knowing ahead of time that it would be

Illustrations by Daniel Maffia

handy to have something I had made still floating when my life fell apart years later

She had no engine and I had to row her in and out of the basin When the wind dropped, I'd just let the canvas slat around while I hung over the transom staring down the light shafts into the depths Then when it piped up, she'd trim herself and I'd slip around to the tiller and take things in hand

I went out today because I was up against my collapse and because Catherine wouldn't see me My hopes were that the last was the pain of vanity It would be reassuring to think that my ego was sufficiently intact as to sustain injury, but I couldn't bank that yet

The wind was coming right out of the southeast fresh, maybe eight or ten knots, and I rowed just clear of the jetty and ran up the sails, cleated off the jib, sat back next to the tiller, pointed her up as good as I could, and jammed it right in close to the shrimp boats before I came about and tacked out of the basin I stayed on that tack until I passed two iron wrecks and came about again The sharpie is so shoal I could take off cross country toward the Bay Keys without fear of going aground I trimmed her with the sail, hands off the tiller, cleated the main sheet, and turned on some Cuban radio I put my feet up and went half asleep and let the faces parade past

Immediately east of the Pearl Basin, I found a couple shivering on a sailboard they had rented at the beach He was wearing a football jersey over long nylon surfing trunks and she wore a homemade bikini knotted on her brown, rectilineal hips What healthy people! They had formed a couple and rented a sailboard They had clean shy smiles, and though they may not have known their asses from a hole in the ground in terms of a personal philosophy, they seemed better off for it, happier, even readier for life and death than me with my ceremonious hours of thought and unparalleled acceleration of experience

I rigged the board so that it could be sailed again, standing expertly to the lee of them with my sail luffing I told them they were ready to continue their voyage and she said to the boy, "Hal, it's a bummer, I'm freezing." And Hal asked me if she could ride back in my boat because it was drier I told them I'd be sailing for a while, that I had come out to think, that I was bad company, and that my father had died in the subways of Boston They said that was okay, that she would be quiet and not bother me I let her come aboard politely concealing my disappointment, then shoved Hal off astern He was soon underway, with his plastic sailboard spanking on the chop the bright cigarette advertisement on his sail rippling against the blue sky

I continued toward the Bay Keys while the girl watched me with cold gray eyes, the shadow of the sail crossing her slowly at each tack Then she went forward and took the sun with her hands behind her head

"Your boyfriend a football player?" I asked.

"No, he deals coke."

"I see."

"Do you like coke?"

"Yes, quite a lot."

"Well, Hal has some Bolivian rock you can read your fortune in, I'll tell you that."

"Oh, gee, I—"

"Anybody ever tell you the difference between acid and coke?"

"Nooody ever did."

"Well, with acid you think you see God With coke you think you *are* God I'll tell you the honest truth, this rock Hal's got looks like the main exhibit at the Arizona Rock and Gem Show Did you ever hear a drawl like mine?"

"No, where's it from?"

"It's not from anywhere I made the god damn thing up out of magazines."

"How much of that rock is left?"

"One o z. No more, no less At a grand, it's the last nickel bargain in Florida."

"I'll take it all."

"We'll drop it off Hey, can you tell me one thing, how come you got hospitalized? The papers said exhaustion but I don't believe everything I read. You don't look exhausted."

"It was exhaustion."

That night, after I had paid them, I asked if the business in the boats that afternoon had been a setup She said that it had "Don't tell him that!" giggled the boyfriend "You coo-coo brain!"

My eyes were out on wires and I was grinding my teeth When I chopped that shit, it fell apart like a dog biscuit Bolivian rock I didn't care I just made the rails about eight feet and blew myself a daydream with a McDonald's straw Let them try and stop me now!

By the time I got to Reynolds Street I was in tears. I went down to the park and crossed over to Astro City The ground was beaten gray and flat and the tin rocketships were unoccupied I climbed high enough on the monkey bars that no one could look into my eyes and wept until I choked.

I considered changing my name and cutting my throat I considered taking measures I decided to walk to Catherine's house again and if necessary nail myself to her door I was up for the whole shooting match

I walked over to Simonton, past the old cigar factory, around the schoolyard and synagogue, and stopped at the lumber company I bought a hammer and four nails Then I continued on my way On Eaton Street, trying to sneak, I dropped about a gram on the sidewalk I knelt with my red and white straw and snorted it off the concrete while horrified pedestrians filed around me. "*It takes toot to tango,*" I explained I walked on, rubbing a little freeze on my gums and waiting for the drip to start down my throat and signal the advent of white-line fever or renewed confidence

The wind floated gently into my hair, full of the ocean and maritime sundries from the shipyard A seagull rocketed all the way from William Street close to the wooden houses, unseen, mind you, by any eyes but mine. A huge old tamarind dropped scented moisture into the evening in trailing veils. Mad screwballs running to their newspapers and greasy dinners surged around my cut-rate beneficence I felt my angel wings unfold More than that you can't ask for.

Catherine's house with her bicycle on the porch was in a row of wooden cigarmakers' houses grown about with untended vegetation, on a street full of huge mahogamies I thought to offer her a number of things—silence, love, friendship, departure, a hot beef injection, shining secrets, a tit for a tat, courtesy, a sensible house pet, a raison d'être, or a cup of coffee And I was open to suggestion, short of "get outa here," in which case I had the hammer and nails and would nail myself to her door like a summons

I crossed the street to her house, crept Indian style onto the porch, and looked through the front window Catherine was asleep on the couch in her shorts and I thought my heart would stop I studied her from this luxurious point, staring at the wildly curly hair on her bare back, her arm hung down and her fingertips just rested on the floor next to a crammed ashtray I had the nails in my shirt pocket, the hammer in the top of my pants like Jesse James's Colt

Catherine," I said, "you let me in." This handsome woman, whom some had had the nerve to call my common-law wife, was suddenly on her feet, walking toward me with jiggling breasts, to ram down the front window and bolt the door Then she went upstairs and out of sight I called her name a couple of more times got no answer, and nailed my left hand to the door

The silver roofs extended from my window in a fractured line under a sky which displayed a small but ineffably shiny cloud to the west. The radio was playing "Volare" by Dean Martin, the notorious companion of Frank Sinatra

Catherine, bless her heart maybe, Catherine pried me from the door and put me in the guest room Then she had Doctor Proctor come over and load me good on some intravenous downer At first I thought I had passed into the great beyond I thought quite objectively about the dead They are given so much credit when, in fact, they don't know much of anything And why should they? They have enough to do

By noontime, Catherine had not come home and I had suffered a whiteout, a silence, a space between the echoes of the dead I had trifled with, and I felt prefigured in the vacancy as though my future inhered there

My hand was bandaged, I had evidently passed out and hung from the nail until discovered. The muscles in my arm were sore and stretched From dangling

I was falling asleep again when I heard Catherine arrive with someone, unloading groceries in front. Then she and the other person, another young woman, came and sat on the bed and looked at me I pretended to be asleep

"He's still out of it," said the other woman

"This is Marcelline,' said Catherine

"How did you know I was awake?"

"I can read you like a Dell comic.'

"How do you do, Marcelline."

"Marcelline has just had an abortion."

'I wasn't making a pass at her, Catherine."

Marcelline said, "If I roll a J will you all smoke on it with me?' I told her that stuff was cluttering up the drug scene and that I was opposed to its use

"Who gave you the abortion?" I asked All I wanted was to talk to Catherine

"A laughing nurse in New Orleans. A real card I had to change planes in Tampa."

"Marcelline loves Tampa.' Catherine said

"They make a nice cigar there,' I offered

"How's your hand?"

"Hurts a lot."

"You had a nail in it," said Catherine.

Marcelline said, "A little crucifixion What a droll guy I hear you can't remember anything You're full of little tricks."

"Used to be he just talked funny," said Catherine, "now he's commenced acting it out."

Marcelline said, "Tampa is full of elderly nice persons who know they could eat it any minute So they don't talk nuts to get laughs My, it hurts That nurse just got in there and *rambled*."

I looked at Catherine with her berserk mass of kinks and curls I thought, it didn't matter about men, but when push came to shove, these Southern girls only wanted to see each other I didn't know what I was, not a Southerner certainly A Floridian Drugs, alligators, macadam, the sea, sticky sex, laughter, and sudden death Catherine initiated the idea that I was a misfit I took to the idea like a duck to water

I felt sleepy again I heard a sprinkler start up, the first drops of water falling on the ground with distinct thuds I heard the voice of my odious grandfather twenty years ago, "There's a nigger fishing the canal and he's got one on!" My hands were knit together and I was wonderfully happy and comfortable drifting away with the two pretty women chatting on the end of the bed, about Tampa, about the difficulty of getting nice cotton things any more, about Wallace Stevens in Key West

When I woke up a few minutes later, Marcelline was kissing Catherine One of Catherine's little breasts was outside her shirt and her panties were stretched between her knees. Marcelline slipped away and stayed until I heard the familiar tremolo of Catherine

When Marcelline stood up, tucking a yellow forties washdress around her good Cajun body, she laughed suddenly "He's awake!" Then leaned over and pinched my cheek I bet he was awake the whole while!'

When Marcelline left, I said ' So that's what you do all day."

Oh God ' she said getting up "I'm going to the beach And when your hand is better you're leaving too."



"Why did you take me in?"

"I was embarrassed to have you nailed on the door."

"Oh, Catherine —Why am I itching?"

"My apartment's got a cistern under it and the mosquitoes are coming up through the floor."

"Have you turned queer?"

"Don't talk to me like that, you."

"Can I read my old love letters?"

"Burned them."

"Burned them! They're worth a fortune."

"To who? Other depraved perverts?"

"I just don't like that phrase. It's not a clever phrase. It's a dreary phrase and everybody's calling me it. I'm sick of it. You hurt with those hand-me-down phrases. They suggest indifference. Will you get in here with me?"

"No."

"You committed a crime against nature with Marcelline. What's wrong with me?"

"That's not the point, my dear. You'll forget we did."

"What's Marcelline do?"

"She's blackmailing a judge in Toronto."

"I still love you."

"Why did you tell the magazines you regretted every minute with me?"

"Because you'd hurt me by disappearing without explanation, by leaving me flat. You can't do that to a psychotic."

"You told them that I was a nouveau Hitler maiden. Why?"

"Oh, did I do that?"

"That's why I call you a depraved pervert."

"Slip in here with me."

"No. You called me deep-dish Southern plastic in a national publication."

"Catherine, don't ridicule me. I suspect your motives, doing that at the foot of my bed anyway."

"Come on, Chet, be the fun guy we knew you to be."

"God, Catherine, I can't have this smut."

"Tell it to the dead elephant. Tell it to the creeps who said you're God."

I stared at her, loving her hauteur, admiring that she was probably not going to buy it ever again. I wanted her. I was not down on sex though some of my youthful flamboyance was no longer there.

She went to the wicker dresser and started raking idly through costume jewelry in a tray. She held the pretty junk to the light for an instant. Then her hands disappeared and her skirt fell. She turned and pulled the blouse over her head, then the little turned-in-knee two-step to get rid of the panties. She said, "Apologize."

"I'm sorry. Forgive me."

She slipped in beside me, skin cooler than mine, like an otter. I was a little disoriented, an orphan in the storm. I didn't know if I was what Catherine required. I really was not sure; but when I glided around, slipping all around and touching her, opening her in the slow rude way I remembered her liking, she was right there climbing up under it, thrilled. I loved her quite unselfishly, watching her all the time. She came in a languorous flood and called me Marcelline.

"I tell you what," she said—and by this time, she's walking around slamming drawers and assembling her duds to get the hell out, having behaved, by her lights, deplorably, having whipped it out—"you've gotten to where people can't even talk to you."

"What!"

"They know they're gonna get hustled and left high and dry while you cruise into this five-and-dime sunset."

"Oh, Catherine."

"It's true."

"I know it's true. But catch me when there are a few things I don't regret, would you?"

"I don't know what that means."

"Catch me when there's something I'm proud of. At the moment, I feel shit out of luck. I have some questions—"

"Shut up! Shut up shut up shut up!"

Items in the air. Why throw things now? I must be completely safe. I detest being injured.

"I can go. My hand's not that sore."

"I won't have your hand on my conscience! Now I'm feeling guilty! Can you beat that? Oh God, I want a restraining order!"

I got out of bed and snatched on my trousers. Boy oh boy was I in love. I started racing around for my belongings, trying to act like a cowboy but knowing full well what a duck I appeared. Something or other ricocheted from my head into the bathroom. A wooden coat hanger, I think it was. I was at Southard and Simonton before I knew it.

Back at my place, the ocean made a simpering reedy wash under the eroded patio and my dog remembered my having failed to feed her last night. Mrs. Dean, who lived next door and who weighed much too much, felt her way across the crushed coral to the ponderosa lemon tree and laid on it with a flat gun until nothing could live there. I rattled nourishing kibble into a tin plate and felt my nail hole while the dog ate. My homecomings are always this heartwarming, full of the familiars of our day-to-day life, like radium watch dials, particle board, novelty pills, or dental floss.

Catherine's yielding deprived me of a half-foreseen rape, something aesthetic to me, stooping over her sunken form, pre-owned gabardine trousers stretched across the piquant tendons behind my knees. And her flippancy of course left me nothing in terms of leverage, the way careless love leaves you empty-handed. No tug, no give and take. Where were the good old days?

At Truman and Francis there is a florist's shop in a building made of the kind of cinderblock that is bulged to look like rocks. The window is always fogged from the cool interior and it is run like a dry cleaner's, with a counter and cash register jutting into its greenery like a dock in the Everglades.

I settled for a plant with blue flowers in a terracotta turtle, not settled-really. I liked the plant and felt good marching through the cemetery toward Elizabeth Street toward Marcelline's.

Marcelline's house is on the dead end of William Street, what was the dead end until the fire department opened it on through for access to the wooden tinderbox houses of this old quarter, on through past the empty stables in the overgrown palm-shrouded field so that what was once still as countryside now carried the tin murmur of Truman Avenue.

Marcelline came to the door just as my finger touched it. She had painted bright red circles on her face and was wearing fifteen or twenty rings. I could hear the radio and a teakettle at once. She said, "Hi you!"

I told her, "Fine," then I said, "Marcelline, you look just, just—"

She said, "Go ahead."

I said, "It's not that, it's—"

And she said, "I know. *I'm indescribable.*"

I can't quite recall, I believe, though, she told me to come in. I did go. We humped in the woody smell of the hallway, her bright circled cheeks in that light and the teakettle screaming now over a Spanish-language broadcast out of Miami, Havana, I don't know. Machine-gun music.

She cried, "Is that for me!" And ran the plant into the little sitting room. She had a coffee can with a soldered spigot and babied the vegetable while I tried to figure out what I was doing there. I believed that it had to do with Catherine. The room was dim and the windows drained everything, the lines in the wooden floor ran off into the glare and you could hardly decide what was what.

"We had a plant with blue flowers in Oklahoma once. My mother took it into the cellar with us during a tornado. I had a





Peter and the Wolf record and my mother had a handbag. There was this big groan and the house was gone. The plant was okay but I forgot the record when we moved to Tampa. This was on a Wednesday."

"What was?"

"When we moved to Tampa. My mother worked for a pirate-type-atmosphere restaurant. Then she was a target for a knife thrower, and ran an addressograph. Jack-of-all-trades kind of deal I guess."

When she sat down finally, she said, "What brought this on?"

"Thought I'd you know come on over see how things were.

"I just want to fix up my place and kick back for about a year. I want them to be able to put the story of my life on a Wheaties box. I'm sick of junkies and dancers and triggermen."

"They're not going to put your unnatural conduct with Catherine on Wheaties.'

"It's not unnatural. You ever read this Sappho?"

"Not Sappho again. You get the right Greek and you can really cover the waterfront."

Marcelline stopped fidgeting around and rearranging and stared at me a moment, absolutely otherworldly in her red cheeks. You'd want her on your arm at some kind of fiendish ball. Marcelline was a vivid primitive and that was okay with me.

"Catherine is sure that she's a survivor. I'm just flashy. But I know a thing or two. I know what's what."

"Such as?"

"I don't know, the street. How to stay up all night by yourself, fry okra without it getting slimy, tell when plantains are ripe. I can test coke more accurate than a lab even if it's ether base and repair furniture without glue. But I'm not absolutely sure I'm a survivor. I might be gone in the next reel."

There are people anyone knows who are at times stranger to them than Hottentots. *Peter and the Wolf* in the storm cellar. And for me, these strangers are dangerously simple obsessions, not durable necessarily, but certainly it can get smokey. A topless dancer tells you about her paper route in Indiana. A shrimper shows you his collection of Fred Waring records. But without that, maybe you're all by yourself. I saw an old drunk fall in fro of the laundromat at Elizabeth and Fleming. He cracked his he open and made a terrible pool of blood. Someone seemed to kno he wouldn't die of it. But I looked down through spinning a filled with frangipani and rock and roll and saw how quickly yo are alone, how that can be shown to you in an instant. I think f a long time that it was my business to drive this into relief th this was what I did for my time, poured blood from my head that strangers could form a circle. The immaculate dream touching and holding was shed and I stood, an integer, n touched, for nothing but power. I couldn't even name my do But there was something I wanted besides that, something simple as to ache in the literal heart and chest for all of us wh had lost ourselves as parents lose children, to the horizon whic is finally only overtaken in remorse and in death.

I talked to a woman who told me nothing larger than the hou going off in the wind and the move to Tampa and thought, Let not try to see beyond these walls where we are taken up into th terrible stream. And then my heart could swoon from the sme of a cold-cream jar left open, a calendar with two pages needi to be turned, a handsome lady looking to get by but holding son hard secrets beautifully lacking in universality.

I thought, I can handicap the track on this whole shit-he civilization and truck paychecks till doomsday. It's like takin candy from a baby. But I want that cracked thumbnail, the gra of wildly disingenuous eyes upon my own, breasts suspended the frame of arms, and level thighs drifting toward each oth into the dark.

Because then I'm happy. I wanted Marcelline as absolutely as knew I would do nothing about it. It starts with a gesture yo remember from somewhere else: a girl chipping the map Czechoslovakia into the polish of her fingernail. And in my hop of immaculacy, my Catholic childhood enshrouded within, brained myself with the thought of her pulling the T-shirt ov her head, the skirt unwound, each leg over an arm of the cha And yes, me, at the business end of where it counted.

I last saw my brother Jim at a mental hospit where he had a small, decent room with poster of me on the wall and which, don't as me why, I couldn't bear to see there. It was th famous one of me climbing out of the elepha to sword-fight the pitching machine. He ha hospital corners on his bed, a toothbrush in glass, paperbacks, and a spiral notebook.

We walked around the grounds and he gazed with happy aw at me and told his ineffable, funny stories about the other p tients, stories told with the sense of humor that is the mirror pain, the perfect mirror, not the trick mirror of satirists. We ha a long talk about our mother and father. Then I flew to Stock holm to do a show. Jim was dne out of the bin in three days. week later, full of morphine, he smothered to death on a plasti covered mattress. I came home and the last I saw of him he w lying next to a Lithuanian, who, after eating cat food for thre years in a Miami hotel, jumped out of its window. I said Jim wa Jim and they filled out his tag.

I thought, they'll fill out mine and Marcelline's and Cathe ine's too, which thought makes you tolerate every creep on earth And I considered how Catherine had had enough. Well, hadn we all. You are always up against those who ask, Why go into i and the smart set who tell you, musically, That's how it is.

Wondering what I am doing here makes me behave as I have which is a matter of record. Like Ulysses S. Grant, it was a instance of a village crank being called by his Republic, I found myself in the consciousness traffic, hawking a certain ughness o a cash-and-carry basis. It took me a little while to get the bug out and after that, I was lethal.

Marcelline, *please.*

I buried Jim. The rest of the family did needlepoint of ineffec



tuahty to show how we'd gone hroke Jim was in an open casket, deferring to barbarism that mattered to his friends and our family There were beaucoup whores and sorry-looking junkies, past masters at turning hlue, who marched to the casket and then didn't know what to do with themselves, clums abashedly on chests, and fingers laced over their lower abdomens. As always, I positioned myself among the mourners, third from the left I saw the body for days without so much as being reminded of Jim, a real effigy Then when Catherine was with me and the funeral parlor was empty, I saw behind the cosmetics and cold smell of the flowers, the same smell when I'd bought the flowers for Marcelline, well, I saw I felt something physical rack through and Catherine took hold of me And I had this thought which was, I guess, a watershed That's hum all right and he's dead.

But once you get the idea finally that what dead means is the end and no one is coming hack, once you know that as opposed to having heard about it and having coppered your bet with a few well-chosen coins of stupidity, then you don't care so much about your own any more I don't anyway

I can't see why you brought me flowers."

"It was an impulse I think I'm trying to get close to Catherine again And she cares about you and for example worries about the wrigglers in your cistern as well as her own But the flowers are just for you too "

"Are you jealous of us?"

"No "

"Because it's just this little thing, you know "

"Okay "

"I gather that at the end there you just went slap impossihle on her."

"I did that I believed myself though I thought if I turned myself into enough of a gohlin, everybody would come out and say what they hod on their minds Ha ha ha. What did I know."

"And gettin paid a lot with all kind of trash goin after you Which you loved."

"I didn't hide that."

"And bringin it back to Catherine until there wasn't any pride left. New York chippies high-siding her."

"Yes, it was very had Is she gay now?"

"We're all just sick of you "

"You didn't know though how grand it was to go home to somebody who knew you for the asshole you were, that relief."

"She still loves you hut I don't foresee her having a single thing to do with you She put up with you right up to where you had become a real animal and a national disgrace."

"That was the height of my career."

"It was sick You were a depraved pervert."

"Everybody calls me that "

"I wasn't going for originality "

"Did you ever turn tricks?" I asked her

"For a little while "

I said, "How'd you like it? Turning tricks is how I saw *my* joh "

"I dunno This was out of a steak-and-hrew joint in St Augustine It was real different, I guess "

"Strung out?"

"Yup, and sixteen I was geezing speed Later, crossroads and quackers Up and down."

"Ever happy?"

"Quite often "

"Ever ask yourself what you are doing here?" I was waiting

"All the time "

"How far do you get with the question?"

"Nowhere."

I started wandering around the place, halfheartedly looking for a spot to take a leak I was off on a tangent Marcelline held electrical fingernails to the light and I thought, Jim knew what ailed me hut died and never said And what ailed him? The horizon

"Now and again," Marcelline said, "I see you looking at me and I can make out what you want and I feel bad about that."

"I'm not neglected."

"I mean I'd do it."

"I would too," I said, "only we won't."

"I'm not even that sore from my trip, but I'm just not going to."

"It gets curiouser and curiouser."

"Did Catherine stay on tha other day after I left?"

"Yeah," I said, "hut it was kind of nothing, kind of flippant, kind of see-you-next-time."

"Everybody was confused after you nailed yourself up I wasn't impressed with that particular lulu hy the way."

I don't know what I eared to do at that moment I really hadn't oome for any but the described reasons Which was not to say that Mareelline wasn't a leggy, other worldly beauty, trailing her dulnous dreams and pastel whoredom like a pretty kite

When she picked up the phone, it seemed it could have been for anything But she called Catherine. I felt immediately embarrassed, as though I had stressed the acquaintanceship with Marcelline into something I hadn't any right to She told Catherine that I'd come over and been most, even more than, distinctly, a gentleman, hut how would it be, now be honest, if she and I did get it on It was perfectly all right with Catherine and I eannot pretend that that didn't hurt my feelings I was worrying over things I hadn't eared about in years.

"Having it happen like this," I asid, still staring at the now inert and cradled black phone, "is flat strange."

"I've got something nice and little you're gonna be just crazy about."

"Fine, if I can For years, I have to tell you, the only thing that excited me was to have someone fake an orgasm."

"Do you have a problem?"

"Just with suddenness "

"How about with guys?"



"I don't with guys."

"Scares you?"

"It's not there Or I'd act it out But I'm glad somebody likes it, so a possibility doesn't go to waste."

She was sitting in front of me, and put her hand up inside herself thoughtless as she talked I considered the wonder of the things that befell me, convinced that my life was the best omelet you could make with a chain saw

Marcelline tugged her top off and really started fooling with my mind She loved herself and that just does it to me, pride of that kind

She put some music on—*Tejas* by Z Z Top, I think, something hard—stood up, and slid out of the rest of her duds I was transfixed, all my general views gone, everything withering to make room for the present, the furious rifle vision whcb riddles everything, that madhouse of what seems like a good idea at the time

I had come with the flowers in addition to my usual maladies, been touched, and now found myself just as addled as thrilled My mental focus left like water for her to swim in, and suddenly we were on the floor and she was slipping away and I'm thinking, I can settle this And then I thought about Catherine and how it could be when it was with someone you loved This was the girl from the storm cellar.

She said, "You've got premature ejaculator written all over you" I glanced into mid-air

I felt completely there for it, hut the feeling of tha inside of her ran up spreading through me like swallowing hot soup upside down I looked down, as I do, and thought, as I am afraid I do, that she couldn't get away But she had some little movement that ought to be against the law And I was grateful, wondering where my old vanity had gone, when it was always my beneficence that I thought was on the line, not these glorious collisions The earlier theater between Marcelline and me evaporated and it all grew dead serious, and probably, objectively, maybe even a trifle grotesque, as in knotty and wet and uncoordinated

About then Catherine walked in

She said, "I'm just so sorry hut I can't help it and I don't know hut I'm hurt." And began to cry I rolled back Mareelline stood up, that preening quality gone so that she looked a little gawky with defeated hreasts and foolishly decorated cheeks As for me, I felt elegant I hadn't forced or even thought about the possibility of this disclosure except when hurt at her handing out permission Now I was flattered and happy and wanted to take these lovely women to dinner and use my genius, which I have, to make them happy.

"Do you feel betrayed?" Marcelline asked Catherine.

"It's just that this depraved pervert was once my old man and I've got some reactions left."

I said, "I love you "

"Well, I can't begin to process that."

Marcelline said, "He's all right to screw."

"Yeah," said Catherine, "I tried it and you shut up about it. There's something inside of him nobody can face" I wanted to know what that was, though I suspected that my enormous evasions had culminated in some ghastly suckhole Still, I had faced a lot The occupational hazard of making a spectacle of yourself, over the long haul, is that at some point you huy a ticket too

Mareelline looked distressed She said, "I feel like sewing it shut."

"I just had to go and spoil it," said Catherine

"He's been real wholesome You could take him anywhere."

"Ever see him with his teeth out?" Catherine asked

"Huh-uh"

"Take your teeth out, champ"

I did

Marcelline said, "Jesus Christ."

Catherine shouldn't have asked me to do that I was tempted to get creepy I feel not the same with my teeth out and I look frightful and as if I had nothing to lose

Catherine headed for the john and Marcelline sat in front of me and touched my legs Catherine shouted, "Get your hands off him If necessary, I'll ball him"

"Don't say 'ball'!" said Marcelline

"Please be friends," I said

"We are, in spite of you"

"I didn't try to make trouhle"

"Cath, we had your hlessing," said Marcelline

"I know, sweetie, hut I wasn't here and my mind was acting up and now the animal knows I'm still carrying his torch"

"Why shouldn't I know?"

"Because depraved perverts misuse personal information."

"Would it help if I put my clothes on?" I asked

"No, think of yourself as an Arab tent boy Oh, you are a lovely man"

"He is."

"But finally you're not gbod You don't like people, you like mobs You're a lovely mob-loving rotter."

I ruefully watched Marcelline dress "I'll tell you what," she said "I've lost interest Why don't you all let me be for now The both of you, *andale*! Call me from El Paso"

So then, Catherine and I were walking down the street again like old times and I was happy Even the hus fumes smelled good A filling station had become a Cuban sandwich shop overnight and I was vastly charmed by that And it seemed hracing that Marcelline had thrown us both out, the little whore.

"Well, how did you like it?"

"Whussat?" I asked absently.

"The nooky."

"Oh, good, great, very nice indeed" I was running this on savoir faire Catherine was irate and I was completely happy over it "You seem displeased It's a trifle"

"Is it?"

"Yes"

"Every Thursday this marine biologist and I meet and make love around the clock Are you happy for me?"

"I've been murdered"

Here was one of my vices, hut I'm bored without them.

Catherine was strong and smart. I loved her and she was the only thing I couldn't have I knew that what she claimed to see inside me was actually there She is not a liar I am both a liar and a forgetter Moreover, I feel it in there, a streak of something that's never gotten any satisfaction.

I used to believe that if I really hlew my gourd with ladies, such things would be worked out in little-theater form Somebody called it the twitching of three abdominal nerves Who knows

I was carrying her down the street in my arms with my tongue in her ear She made me put her down I took out my teeth and gaped at pedestrians It was all like before and I had a girlfriend

When we got back to my place, Catherine needed to lie down so I put her in the mildewed bedroom and tucked her in I hunted for something to read to her hut could ooly find Fenimore Cooper's *The Prairie*; and not in an ideal edition It was a Classic Comic When I got to the end of it, having removed my teeth to recite all the Indian parts, I read the peroration "*Abiram* was led away to receive the cruel justice of the desert law The others made their way back to the settlements under the protection of *Hard Heart* and his *Gallant Band* The *Aged Trapper*, having spent his whole life in the wilderness, was content to remain and pass the few remaining years allotted him in the great reaches of the open prairie"

Catherine was asleep I could see the ocean from the window I let it blot into my vision I felt all the emptiness I call home

Wallace and Me: The End of the Road

A reporter who spent a bitter decade covering George Wallace now finds that the campaign is finally over

by James Wooten

Just before eight o'clock on the evening of Labor Day, down in Mobile, the long line of people passing by the window of the limousine finally ended, and George Wallace slumped back into the deep cushioned corner of the backseat, hidden from public view. "Ah sure hope that's all,' he sighed wearily inserting the corpse of a cigar into his mouth, curling his lips into an unintentional but all-too-familiar snarl.

They had spotted the big, black Lincoln the moment it had rolled onto the outfield at the suburban baseball park and for more than an hour they had trooped through the damp, dewy grass, besieging him for autographs and for pictures of him and them together—and when they were finally gone, he seemed utterly spent. "Ah just don't want to see any more of them," he sighed.

"You want the winduh up?" his old pal Oscar Harper asked solicitously from the other corner of the car.

"Huh?"

"Want the winduh closed?"

"Naw, naw," Wallace mumbled. "They'd just knock 'n bang on it."

"Well, it's 'bout time fuh you to go, anyway," Harper noted, glancing at his watch.

"Huh?"

"Ah said it's almost time to go on up to the stage, idn't it?

Wallace did not answer. Tilting his head slightly, he peered through the window of the limousine toward the several thousand people massing behind home plate and along each base line waiting to hear him address the Labor Day gathering the oldest annual political rally in Alabama—a sometimes wacky, occasionally volatile, often important, always colorful holiday assemblage that George Wallace had missed only once in the previous twenty-one years, the year Arthur Bremer shot him.

"It's a damned good crowd," Harper suggested.

"What?"

"Ah said it's a good crowd, a nice crowd."

Wallace merely grunted.

"They all gonna be glad to see yuh, Jo'ge."

"Huh?"

"These folks," Harper shouted. "All these folks'll be glad to see you again, Guv-'nuh."

Wallace looked quizzically across the impressive width of the car, staring hard at his faithful crony of so many, many years. "Oscuh," he said quite earnestly, "what you don't seem to understand is that most of these folks'll be dee-lighted to git shed uh me." He slumped even deeper into the soft corner of the Lincoln and waved his cold cigar in the direction of the distant crowd. "Yessuh, Oscuh," he concluded in a faint, faraway voice, "they'll be verruh, verruh happy when ol' Jo'ge Wallace is gone."

He is finished now, and it's hard to hate him anymore.

He is fifty-nine years old, a paraplegic, practically deaf, full of bad memories, fairly empty of hope, vulnerable to dangerous infections, prone to periods of deep depression and starving loneliness, worried sick about money, painfully confused about his yesterdays, dreading his tomorrows, haunted by that crackling moment of supreme terror that so thoroughly changed his life, reluctantly retreating cell by cell into himself—and there is about him now such a darkness, such a desperate sadness, that it is nearly impossible to generate any more bitterness toward him. The vivid recollection of what he was blends with the awful reality of what he has become, and the chemistry is so rich that it burns away the rusty, crusty rages of the past. Even the most carefully cultivated anger, generously nourished over the years, shrivels in the stark presence of his brittleness, his fragility, his helplessness, his despair, and is immediately replaced by some unavoidable sense of—of what? Of pity, perhaps, or of simple compassion, perhaps, or—though it is immediately suspect—perhaps of affection?

It was most awkward, most uncomfortable. I had gone back down south equipped with an entirely different set of reflexes, the old passions that had been burning a hole in my soul for such a long, long time. It was to be a celebratory mission. For the first time since I was nine years old, an election day was dawning in Alabama without George Corley Wallace's name, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, on the ballot. Ever since 1946, when he was fresh out of the Army Air Corps and still having nightmares about his fiery, midnight bombing runs over Tokyo, he had been running, running, running for some public office or another every couple of years—for state representative or Democratic convention delegate or circuit judge or governor or President—and in the process of his constant candidacy, he had come to dominate the state in a way no other man ever had—and I had come to detest every single vestige of his power and prominence.

George Wallace was mean and malicious and malevolent, and he scarred almost everything he touched with his hateful, ugly rhetoric and his bizarre bold on the common folk in the South, but by the end of the summer of 1978, it was clear that the man was finished. He could not succeed himself as governor, and he had chosen not to seek either of the two United States Senate seats available in Alabama. I was glad to hear it—although I had strongly and wrongly told my friends in Washington that he would most certainly run for the Senate—and I wanted very

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Illustration by Alan Rheingold

much to be around to witness his departure

"Oh Lord, you down heah to write my obituary," he moaned when he saw me that hot night in Mobile, and he was right, of course. I had come back to celebrate his passing, to raise a glass or two in honor of his retirement from the politics and the government and the troubled psyche of Alabama and the American South, and I could hardly wait to watch it happen

Then on that muggy night in Mobile—on the eve of election day—I crawled into the front seat of the big, black Lincoln and turned toward him and felt his sadness cutting through



The state of Alabama will provide him two troopers when he retires. Nothing else

It started with George and me back in early 1967. A failed priest and a miserably ineffective teacher, I was by then a desperate, overage cub reporter for a damned good little newspaper in northern Alabama. When a colleague became ill, I was temporarily relieved of my daily obituary assignment and hurriedly dispatched down to Montgomery to cover the capital during his recuperation. I'd just climbed the broad marble steps (carefully avoiding the brass star where Jefferson Davis stood when he took the oath of office as president of the Confederacy) and walked into the rotunda when Wallace turned a corner and came click-click-clicking into my life, flanked by two of the biggest state troopers in the entire history of law and order. I'd never seen him before, except on television.

"I'm from *The Huntsville Times*," I said.

"Well, yessuh, you must be Jim Wooten," he drawled, extending his small, rather delicate hand. "Ah'm Jo'ge Wallace. Used tuh be the guv'nuh. My wife's guv'nuh now, co'se. You gonna cover the legislature? Well, that's good, Jim. You gonna be all right. Ah knew a man once was a preachuh fust 'n' then become a politician. Good felluh, too' so ah know you gonna be all right. You need anything, you just stop by, heah? Co'se, ah don't know much, but ah'll be glad to he p you anyway ah can."

And then he was gone, his little heels click-click-clicking down the marble corridor, out the doorway, and into the morning sun. He seemed to know exactly where he was going.

It was an amazing performance. Few people were aware of my blighted past—ordained Presbyterian minister, small-town pastor, in Tennessee and Kentucky—and only my editor and family knew I'd be there in Montgomery that day, assigned to cover the legislature. It was a valuable lesson. George Wallace had good intelligence.

"Time to go, Oscuh," he said on that night in Mobile, years later, grasping a ceiling strap and pulling his slight body forward a bit on the seat.

"Yessuh, Guv'nuh." Harper agreed, signaling the two state troopers standing outside the car. "Guv'nuh's ready to go, boys," he said.

There is about him such a desperate sadness. It is impossible to generate any more bitterness toward him.

Like jaded priests bored with the mass, the troopers went about the practiced ritual of their task—opening the trunk of the limousine, extracting and unfolding the wheelchair, removing its left armrest, and rolling it into place near the right rear door. After one had swung it open, the other laid a thin plastic slab between the backseat and the chair, forming a bridge by deftly inserting it just beneath the edge of Wallace's right buttock.

"You ready, Guv'nuh?" the first trooper asked as he reached inside the car and grasped Wallace's ankles. The governor nodded grimly and took a two-fisted grip on the strap. Then, with an enormous surge of pure arm strength, he hoisted himself out of the limousine, across the little plastic slab, and into the lap of the wheelchair while the trooper simultaneously pulled his legs in the same direction, quickly fixing the pristine shoes—their soles shiny, caramel-colored, never having touched the ground—into the metal footrests of the chair and locking the armrest back into place.

It had been a prodigious effort, and when it was done, his head canted terribly to the right, hanging there like a broken marionette, his face gaunt, drawn, pinched by his life. "Ah'll be right back, Oscuh," he said, his voice nearly a whisper. A high school band struck up "Dixie," and a ripple of applause rolled slowly out from home plate down the base lines. He seemed not to notice it was for him. "Ah won't be long, Oscuh," he said. "Ah'll be right back, and then we'll go on home."

It happened very fast.

One day in the summer of '68, I was plugging away on the little Alabama paper, and the next day I was a national correspondent for *The New York Times*. I hardly grasped it myself, so it was no wonder that when I came back down south a few weeks later and climbed aboard his chartered campaign plane—assigned by my new employer and editors to write about his fractious third-party presidential candidacy—he merely nodded at me from his customary seat in the front cabin, assuming I was still one of the local boys sent along to cover another of his wacky forays



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17-22	27	14	18	09	11	06
23-30	31	16	20	10	12	06
31-40	35	21	23	14	14	08
41-55	39	25	25	16	15	10
56-73	41	27	27	18	16	11
74-124	41	29	27	19	17	12
125-196	44	30	29	20	17	12
197-292	46	32	30	21	18	13
293-430	48	34	31	22	19	14
431-925	56	34	36	22	22	14
926-1910	52	36	34	23	20	14
1911-2000	54	36	35	23	21	14

MILEAGE	OPERATOR-ASSISTED Station-to-Station: Full Rate All Days All Hours	OPERATOR-ASSISTED Person-to-Person: Full Rate All Days All Hours
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23-30	1.00	2.00
31-40	1.10	2.10
41-55	1.35	2.35
56-73	1.60	2.60
74-124	1.75	2.75
125-196	1.60	2.85
197-292	1.95	2.95
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Wallace was once quite proud that his failed campaigns ensured the victory of Dick Nixon. Now he claims full credit for that other good ol' southern boy, Jimmy Carter

into the wild and wicked North

George didn't know I'd been traded to the Yankees

It didn't take long for word to reach him, though, for moments after we were airborne out of Montgomery that morning he came lurching rather urgently down the aisle toward my seat, his mouth fiercely clamped around his cigar, his dense eyebrows dancing like nervous caterpillars on his forehead

"Somebuddy told me you wukkin' fuh *The Noo Yawk Times*," he accused

I pleaded guilty

"Lemme see some form of identification," he demanded, and when I handed over my shiny, new, laminated press card—duly authorized and signed by E. Clifton Daniel—he turned it over in his fingers and whistled sarcastically through his teeth

"Whooo-wheee," he said. "This heah's a verruh important document." He turned to the aisle to the other reporters watching his performance. "Felluhs, this heah's Mistuh Wooten, the gentleman from *The Noo Yawk Times*." There was laughter all around. "Now, that's the papuh, as you felluhs all know, that called Fee-del Castro the Robin Hood of the Caribbean," he continued, thoroughly enjoying himself

When the laughs subsided, he turned to leave and then, suddenly, whirled on me for a final thrust. "How much those Yankees payin' you?" he asked

I shrugged, not about to tell him

"Well, felluhs," he said, "this just goes to prove what ah've always believed." There was silence in the gallery

"What's that, Governor?" I finally asked, knowing damned well George never did require a straight man

"Well, it just proves that evuh man has got their price," he growled. "Yessuh, Wooten, you sure the livin' proof of that," he said, growling and jabbing at me with his cigar. "Evuh man has got their price."

I have discovered other insanities, some in myself. I no longer feel superior to George Wallace.



He could play an audience like Heifetz on a Stradivarius. It was a genuine circus.

My God, he was something to see in those days: the preeminent hobgoblin of American politics, and for many of those years, I tagged along behind him, nurturing my anger, honing my distaste for what he was and what he was doing. It was me 'n' George sort of wandering around the continent, with him up there in the front of the plane and me back there in the rear and both of us scared to death of flying him up there on the stage, running for governor or President or standing up for the United States of America or Jesus or Alabama or white people or whatever the hell it was that he was doing, and me away in the back of the hall, all hunkered down, scribbling in my notebook, getting chairs thrown at me and spit spat at me, thinking it was all very important.

Lord, it was a circus. There were the Taylor sisters—Mona and Lisa, emaciated and chemically blond—who warmed up the crowds from Seattle to St. Augustine with the most atrocious country singing ever to escape through two noses, and there was the woman from Indianapolis who latched onto the campaign, claiming at first to be the Dodge girl, later claiming to be his girl, and there were the reporters, constantly debating whether his cockamamy candidacy ought to be treated seriously in their stories, and there was the hulking omnipresence of the state troopers who loved to talk about their favorite television programs—"Beat the Press" and "Mace the Nation" (one afternoon in Milwaukee, when they were in a playful mood, they hung me by my heels from the seventh-floor window of a hotel), and always, there were the hordes of hecklers waiting for him at every stop, sometimes with eggs, sometimes with rocks, sometimes with bags of shit, and he would sneer at them and snarl at them and play them like Heifetz on a Stradivarius, pitting his folks against them, fomenting more tension upon tension until it inevitably and invariably exploded—and he would step back and say with a thin smile, "Now, now, folks, let's just let the po-lice handle it. They know what they doin'. Just let them handle it, folks."

When it was all over, he didn't seem particularly dismayed that he'd lost. Indeed, he seemed rather exuberant over the fact that he had probably ensured the election of Richard Nixon.

"He's a wonderful man, Jim," he said then. "Co'se, you wouldn't know that or understand it 'cause you a ree-porter."

He asked if I'd enjoyed the campaign.

"Not really, Governor," I lied.

"Well, that's good, Jim, 'cause ah'm fixin' to do it again in 1972."

"Is that a threat or a promise?"

"That, Mistuh *Noo Yawk Times*, is a fact," he snapped. "Co'se it tdn't something you can write about. It's off the record, really, 'cause ah got to get mahself elected guv'nuh again befuh ah can run for President again."

He did just that in 1970—with the most blatantly racist campaign in Alabama's recent history—and he did more. He got married again.

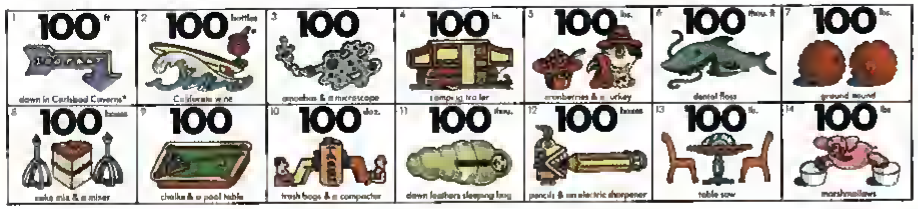
The first Mrs. Wallace had succumbed to cancer in May of 1968, not long after the murder of Martin King, a month later, Bob Kennedy was dead. I was assigned to the Poor People's March when she died, and our scruffy cavalcade (with Ralph



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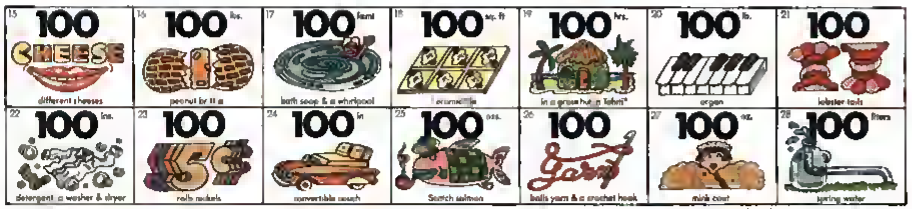
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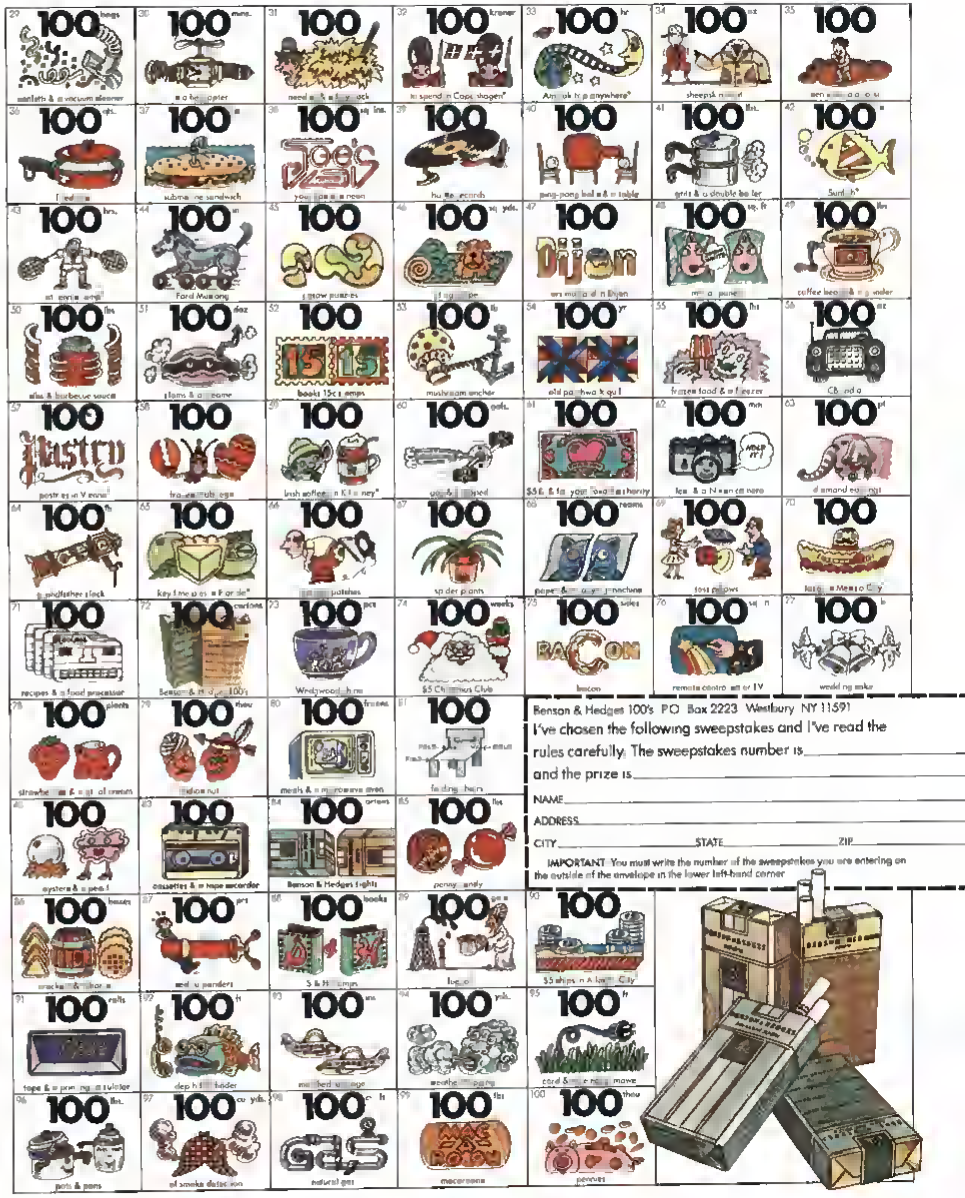
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Abernathy occasionally at the point) had reached Montgomery on the morning of her funeral. I decided to go. I had liked Lurleen. She had been a plain, kind, quiet woman who had fed me supper at the governor's mansion once and had stood at the kitchen sink and washed dishes while I ate at a nearby table and asked her why she had ever run for governor.

"Well, ah guess because Jo'ge told me to," she said. She was already seriously ill when, constitutionally denied a second term, he insisted that she become his surrogate in 1966. The campaign had deeply drained her. She had told him she didn't want to run because of her health, but he would have it no other way. He did not cry at her funeral. I did.

"You met my new wife yet?" he asked boyishly in early 1971, soon after he had begun his new term as governor.

"Yes, I have, Governor."

"Well, whatta yuh think?"

"About what?"

"About my new wife, about Cornelia?"

"Well, she's an awfully pretty woman, Governor," I said.

"Yessuh, Jim," he sighed. "She sure is."

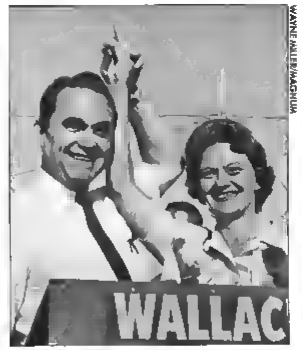
And she was. Cornelia Ellis Snively Wallace was, as Oscar Harper once said, a "smoky woman," with ebony hair, dark skin, and a flash in her eyes that suggested whatever you wanted it to suggest. The niece of Big Jim Folsom, a former governor who was beaten by Wallace in 1962, she had spent part of her childhood in the big, white mansion on Perry Street, in Montgomery. Her mother—called Big Ruby for her stature and her appetites—had served as her brother's official hostess, and nothing had pleased Cornelia more than to move back into her childhood home with her new husband, George.

"Lots of people don't think of him as handsome," she said one afternoon, a few months after their wedding. "Whatta you think, Jim? Do you think he's handsome?"

"Well, I haven't tried, really, to evaluate him that way," I answered. Of all the things he was or was not, handsome was never, never in the ball park.

"Well, ah sure do," she said. "But he's also verruh strong, you know, and sometimes he's—well, sometimes, he's mean, in a nice way. You know what ah'm talkin' about? I don't mean ugly mean. I mean just the kind of mean I like."

I had no idea—but Wallace apparently did, and he seemed inordinately happy about his marriage. She was strikingly attractive, though sometimes a bit flashy, and she was politically savvy most of the time. Most important, she shared his unbounded ambition for prominence and popularity, hungered as much as he did for the crowds and the noise and the excitement and the adulation. It was quite understandable. She was like a daughter to Big Jim Folsom, one of the greatest showmen in Alabama politics, and she'd gone to New York City to become a star; she had to settle for a tour with Roy Acuff and one



WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM


CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

The governor's first wife, Lurleen Wallace, was a plain, kind, quiet woman who liked to do her own cooking, but Cornelia Ellis Snively Wallace, his second, was something else.

Lurleen had told him she didn't want to run because of her health. He did not cry at her funeral. I did.

forgotten recording. Show business is hard to cure, and so off they went onto the brightly lit stage of the 1972 presidential campaign, and once again, it was me 'n' George and, of course, Cornelia, too.

"What're you gonna say about the Kennedys, Jo'ge?" she asked as we flew in a tiny corporate jet up to Boston for a campaign speech in April, a month before he was shot.

"Well, ah guess ah'll say they're the most pow'ful political family in America," he answered.

"And what're you gonna say about the Saltonstalls, Jo'ge?"

"Who?"

"The Saltonstalls, you know—"

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Wuddn't that the one let that nigger beat him in the Senate? What was his name?"

"Leverett Saltonstall," I said, sitting knee to knee with him in the narrow fuselage. (Saltonstall had actually retired.)

"No, not him, the nigger," he said.

"You mean Ed Brooke?"

"Yeah," he said. "That's the nigger ah mean."

That night, I wrote that he had called the only black man in the United States Senate a nigger, and the next day, after it had been printed in *The New York Times* and we had proceeded on up to Michigan and other reporters had begun asking him about it, he vehemently denied he'd ever said it.

"But I heard you," I argued as we walked together out of a press conference up in Bay City.

"No, you didn't," he said. "You was mistaken."

"Well, Mrs. Wallace heard it too," I countered. "Let's just ask her."

"You keep her out of this," he said.

I said nothing as we walked toward his car. He turned to me finally and whispered in my ear. "Weoten," he said, "you're a son of a bitch."

He was changing. In 1968, he would have admitted he'd said it.

I saw him in the autumn of '72, a few months after he was shot. I'd been transferred to Spiro Agnew by then, and the Vice-President went down to Montgomery to pay his respects to Wallace and put another Republican nail on the southern lid. Wallace and Agnew were in a small parlor on the first floor of the mansion (God only knows what they would have had to talk about), and when I was ushered in, Wallace motioned for me to sit next to him.

"You treatin' the Vice-President fair, Jim?" he asked.

Agnew looked pained. I said I was just doing what I always did.

"Well," Wallace said, his voice distant and soft, "that's good, Jim." He turned to Agnew. "Ol' Jim heah, he's all right. Co'se, you know 'bout his newspapuh."

Later, in the dining room, Cornelia told me privately that Wallace was becoming a child again. "The wheelchair is his womb," she said. "He calls me 'Mama,' and he cries a lot, and I don't seem to be able to help him." I suggested that when he got back into the political flow, he'd feel better.

"Well, of course, I want him to run for governor again, but he says he can't do it," she said.

But, of course, he did run, and he won easily in 1974, and then, answering the rooted rhythms and patterns of his life, he could not resist another presidential campaign in 1976. Almost nooody noticed



He could not resist another presidential campaign in 1976. Almost nobody noticed after a while, and it was devastating for him. It was the beginning of the end.

after a while. It was devastating for him. It was the beginning of his new and present retreat.

"The wheelchair did it," he said that night in Mobile. "But ah don't have any regrets whatsoevuh. Why, if it wuddn't fuh me, ol' Jimmy Carter wouldn't be President."

The circus is over now, gone for good from his life, and so is Cornelia. "Ah'm not gonna talk about that," he said on election day in his office at the capitol, where we had met so many years before. "That's personal stuff and ah'm not gonna talk about it. You goin' through a deevorce right now, ain't you, Jim? You understand, don't you?"

His intelligence was still impeccable—but his spirits were even lower than when I'd left him in Mobile the night before. I'd flown with him that morning over to his little hometown of Clayton, Alabama, to watch him vote, and on the way I'd asked him why he had chosen not to run for either of the U.S. Senate seats being contested that day in the Democratic primary. (John Sparkman had decided to retire, and James Allen had died suddenly), and it almost seemed as though the subject itself deeply depressed him.

"Well, ah just got to thinkin' 'bout bein' up theah in Washington, a strange town 'n' all, and with my condition, ah'll tell you the truth, Jim, ah just didn't wanna be up there all by myself," he said.

The two-engine state-owned plane was humming along over a string of hamlets he knew so well—Smut Eye and Jenkins Crossroads and Hector and Blues Old Stand—and he looked down through his plastic porthole and pointed. "Co'se, ah could uh won, you know," he said. "Easy, ah believe. They'd have wanted me to go up there to the Senate, you know, but ah just didn't want to be there by myself."

He signaled for his ever present thermos of ice water, unscrewed the cap, and gulped down several swallows. "Drink a lot of water now, Jim," he said. "Good fuh my kidneys, you know. You ought to drink lots of water yourself 'stead of all that whiskey 'n' stuff. Ah got great kidneys, Jim. Really wonderful kidneys."

The plane droned on toward Clayton, and he started to speak again, but some involuntary hesitance captured him. His lips opened and shut and came together and lifted again and again, but there was no sound. Finally he overcame it.

"But ah just didn't wanna go up there to Washington, you know, in my condition, all by myself," he said. "Co'se, ah could uh won, easy."

He does not really believe that, surely, but it is not expected of him to admit otherwise. He would have had one hell of a race either way he went because he would have been unable to reach the black vote in Alabama. He has often spoken of his ability to attract the support of black people, but it is largely a myth, and in a one-party political monolith, their backing is now required for victory.

"That's not true at all," he argued mildly as the plane headed in over peanut fields to a concrete strip outside Clayton. "Besides, ah could uh gotten a substantial portion of the black vote. Yessuh, why in 1966, muh wife—that's Guv nuh Lurleen—she got—" and he was off and running with his familiar spiel about how Alabama's black people have always loved the Wallaces. He does not really believe it, at least not to the extent that he was willing to test it with a run for the U.S. Senate.

"Ah just didn't want to go to Washington by myself," he insisted as the plane hit and began to roll. He watched thick stands of pine trees flash past his window, and the slightest wisp of a smile settled itself on his aging face. He was home again, back where he had started, in 1946—so many miles and so many years away from the hot, hard parking lot of that shopping center in Laurel, Maryland.

I wrote he had called our only black senator a nigger. "Wooten," he said, "you're a son of a bitch."

Something was missing when I went to his office that afternoon. It all seemed the same. He was sitting behind his big desk at the other end of the long room, and as usual, he was surrounded by the trappings of his career—the four furled flags and the great seal of Alabama rising grandly behind him, the array of trophies and plaques from citizens' groups and police associations protecting his flanks, the stack of black-and-white photographs awaiting his signature, the pile of newspaper clippings covering a corner of the table, a multibutton communications console sitting at his fingertips, and two dialless, direct-line telephones—one red, the other black—perching nearby—and it all seemed very much the same.

The difference was that the old George Wallace was missing. In days past, he dominated the dark-paneled salon, filled the room with his presence, despite the extravagant crystal chandelier and the massive conference table. In days past, he was lord and master there—but that afternoon, he was a prisoner.

"C'mon down heah, Jim," he said weakly as I entered, and it was neither invitation nor command. It was, instead, a plea to join him in the thick-walled captivity of his cell.

Still, it is a familiar cell. Robert E. Lee stares balefully down from a magnificent portrait just as he has since it was hung there years before, and from one end to the other, the office reeks with the stale aroma of the governor's cheap cigars—a comfortable, old-shoe odor that he can transfer to any environment when he leaves.

"And ah guess ah'll be able to take some of this stuff too when ah go," he said. "Co'se then the papuhs'll say ah was stealin' guv'mint property—but they know ah hadn't evuh stole nothin'. They know that. Evuhbuddy knows that."

Indeed, that is the prevailing view of George Wallace around the white-domed capitol. It is also firmly believed in the same quarters that many of his close friends did "verruh, verruh well" for themselves during the tenure of his power. "Now, that's not true," he said. "But anyway, ah can't be responsible fuh evuhbuddy can ah?"

Wallace is worth about $210,000, according to his own accounting, and that includes a few stocks and bonds, an old house in Clayton, a suburban home in Montgomery, and a little savings. He is much worried about money now because of his cost of living. As governor, he has earned only $28,955 annually (the next governor will receive $50,000), but with the state picking up the tab for servants and staff at the mansion and the state troopers and cars required for his mobility, he has been able to survive. He will continue to have two troopers with him when he retires—but that is all. No pension from the state. Nothing else. That has him worried.

"What do you think you'll need to get along?" I asked.

He seemed reluctant to answer.

"Fifty thousand, sixty thousand?"

Still he would not say.

"Seventy five?"

He nodded. "And maybe a little more," he said. "But ah can't say that you know, because of all the handicapped people out there who get along on so much less. Ah don't want them to be discouraged, you know. Ah'm kind of a model, you know, a symbol for a lot of them. They call me up—folks with all sorts of handicaps—they call me up all the time, and ah just try to encourage them, and they always say ah'm such an inspiration to them, you know. So ah can't go 'round sayin' ah got to have lots of money to live now, you know."

He says he does not know what he will do. Perhaps he will join the faculty of one of the state universities. Perhaps he will produce radio commentaries like Ronald Reagan. Perhaps he will write a book or a column. Perhaps he will hit the lecture circuit. His new publicists, Celebrity Management Inc., of Nashville, speak of a movie about George.

"Ah just don't know what ah'm gonna do," he said. "Co'se, ah got to keep active, you know. Ah've always been active, so ah've got to keep on bein' active." But he is deeply afraid that the minimum income he requires will be beyond the reach of the income he can produce, and he inquired urgently about the potential of books and lectures and radio commentary.

"Whatta you figure ol' Reagan makes from that stuff he does?" he asked.

"I don't know, Governor, but I heard it's one hell of a chunk of money."

"Couple hunnert thousand, ah heard."

"Yes, sir, that's about what I remember, too."

"Well, you reckon anyoody'd want to hear what ah'd say on the radio?"

"I expect a lot of people would, Governor."

"Would you?"

"Well, I don't know if—"

"You wouldn't listen to me, now would you, Jim? Tell the truth."

"Well, I just don't know about every day, Governor," I said.

"Ah reckon ah could get along without you, anyway," he said.

"Yes, sir, I believe you could."

"But what would ah say?"

"What would you say?"

"Yeah," he said, staring hard down at



CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

He is fifty-nine years old, paraplegic, partially deaf. He seems finished now.

his desk top. "Ah'd have to have somethin' to say, wouldn't I?"

"Well, I'm not sure Reagan has something to say every time he talks."

"Well, that's probably true," he said. "It must be awful hard to have somethin' to say evuh day, idn't it?"

And so we talked on and on into the afternoon, and he remembered how Lyndon Johnson had placed a conference call to him and Hubert Humphrey and Nixon in the campaign of 1968 to brief them on national security affairs, and he recalled how he'd met Jack Kennedy once in Washington at a hotel and how Kennedy had written to him in 1958, thinking George would probably be the next governor of Alabama. "Ah lost, of co'se," he said. "But Kennedy, he knew what he was doin', all right. He was lookin' fuh mah support even then. Ah still got the lettuh somewhere. God, he was a good-lookin' man, wuddn't he?"

The room was quiet momentarily. I asked what he thought about the assassinations—the Kennedys, King, and the attempt on his own life. "Well, ah still see faces," he said.

"Faces?"

"Yessuh," he said. "The faces of the people laughin' after he shot me."

"You think Bremer acted alone?"

"No, no, ah don't—co'se ah can't prove he didn't. It's just that ah can see faces behind it, you know. It dudn't make sense without he had some assistance, does it? Ah mean, a boy like that, travelin' all ovuh the country, follerin' me aroun' like a bird dog. No, no, ah still see other faces than him."

It is a subject that fascinates him, on which he dwells for many, many hours with old friends and cronies who come to visit at the mansion or the office. He cannot erase it from his consciousness. The evidence of conspiracy is slim, but the fact of Bremer's bullets is ever present in his daily life. It gnaws at him, taking him back to that last moment before he became the way he is, that last millisecond before the shots, when he was still a hell raiser of a candidate, sneering and snarling and jumping down from the back of flatbed trucks and wading into happy, noisy crowds with his little hands extended, drawing strength and energy from the touching.

It was as deep a tragedy as ever befell him, largely of his own making. He was profoundly shattered.

"Yessuh," he said that afternoon, "we had some good ol' times, didn't we, Jim?"

"Well, they were exciting, I'll say that, Governor."

"You remember that crowd ah got in Madison Square Garden in 1968? Must of been fifty thousand people theah, wuddn't theah?"

"Well, not that many, Governor," I said. We were reverting back to our traditional campaign argument, waged after each of his appearances.

"How many was theah, then?" he snapped.

"Well, the Garden only holds about twenty-five."

"Uhmmm," he said. "That right? Ah could have sworn there was fifty or sixty thousand people theah—and anyway, though, they liked me, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir, Governor, they sure did."

"Yessuh, ah'd like fuh Lurleen to have seen that," he said. "Like fuh her to have been at the Garden that night. She'd uh sure been proud, ah think."

My grandfather, Jody Wooten, was a southerner who found Wallace's 1968 candidacy much to his liking. He did not like the sound of the times back then—not the kids, not the liberals, not the press, and, of course, not the clamor of black Americans for some slice of the American pie. He was already in his eighties, but he drove his old Chevy sedan in Wallace campaign parades through his little town and manned telephones at the local headquarters, and he put up posters and passed out bumper stickers and laughed at me when I told him that Wallace couldn't possibly win.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, I went to see him and told him how Wallace that week had urged a large crowd in Michigan to show their disapproval of the reporters traveling with him—and they had, certainly with much more fury than even Wallace had expected. They threw metal chairs in our direction (one of Wallace's bodyguards shoved me under a table when the chairs began to fly) and spit on us, threw bottles and cups full of water at us—and as I told him the story, he was incredulous.

"You're makin' that up, Jimbo," he said.

"It's the God's truth, Papa."

"And he put them up to it?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

He pondered that, sucking on his empty pipe, and finally he spoke. "Well," he said, "it's all over between us."

"Between us?"

"No, between me and Wallace."

"You're not going to vote for him?"

"No, and I ain't going to work for him no more."

"But why, Papa?"

"Because a fellow ought not to do things like that, that's why," he said. "I don't want to have nothing to do with a fella that will do things like that."

So now, like Papa, I think it is finally over between me and George. For years we served each other, if not well, at least adequately. I was his handy punching bag, constrained always by my reportorial role and my relationship with *The New York Times*. Similarly, he was always there on the outskirts of my consciousness as a convenient object of my general disgust. I detested his every moment of success, gloated over his every defeat, and knew there was nothing he could really do to me.

All of that is finished now. He does not need me anymore—nor any one of us who traipsed around after him for all those years and miles—and I do not further require him as my symbol of southern madness. Since that morning we met in Montgomery, I have discovered other insanities elsewhere, some in myself most equally as pernicious—and, like him, I've lost a couple of the big ones and knitted guilty wool far into the night after hurting other people. I no longer feel superior to George.

Remembering. This is essentially his life now. There are people around, of course, and there are things happening, of course, but he is still very much alone and very much without anything to do except remember by himself. Lurleen's seventeen-year-old daughter, Lee, is a senior in high school in Montgomery, but her busy teenage life leaves her little time to spend with her father, and the only son, George Jr., is now in his mid-twenties and has his own life around town and around the state, and the oldest child, Bobbi, lives with her husband and children in Livingstoo. At the mansion with him are two prison trustees who help take care of him, a couple of housekeepers who clean up and cook—and after all the crowds and all the applause and all the lights and all the noise, it is sparse company for him. He has retreated, and he is alone again, as alone now as he felt himself to be in the belly of his B-29 on those terrifying bombing runs over Tokyo, and his world continues to diminish. He will no longer be governor in a few months, and he will have to leave the big white mansion on Perry Street and the limousines and the big rallies—and he will have to make do with his memories.

Slowly, he came to believe that she was not a faithful spouse. He was persuaded she was running around.

"But ah don't have no regrets, whatsoevuh," he said.

"What about the divorce?" I asked. "Don't you have any second thoughts about that?"

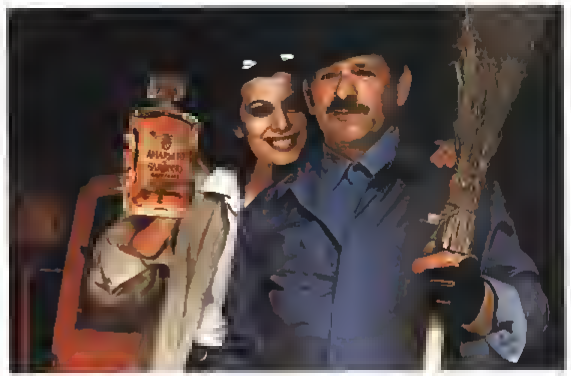
"Ah'm not gonna talk about the—the, you know, uh, the dee vorce," he said.

He would, of course, be the only one in Montgomery who would not. It was as deep a tragedy as ever befell him, and it was principally of his own making. He was shattered by Arthur Bremer in many ways, but the loss of his lower body seemed most damaging. It propelled him into deeper and darker moods than anyone had ever observed in him, and of course it changed the dimensions of his marriage to the smoky woman. Slowly, he came to believe that she was not a faithful spouse. He was passionately persuaded that she was running around on him—with strangers and friends alike—and so deep was his misery that he shared his imagined cuckoldry with cronies and pals, and they told the stories in their own circles, and soon it was the hottest gossip item in town. She was, I believe, innocent of such indictments, but she responded by bugging his telephone at the mansion and hearing him say all those things himself—and more. It was 1976 by then. She moved out. Then she moved back in. She'd been divorced once before. She didn't want it again. He still would not accept her as a faithful wife. He drove her out. He had called her Mama and wept in her arms, and she had given him as much as she could—but he would not accept her, and he drove her out.

So now he lives alone in their spacious bedroom in the big white mansion on Perry Street, lives there now with his telephone, his remote-control television set, a little bell for signaling the servants, and the fever shapes of the life he has lived—and he waits there alone for his term to end.

He was right. Every man does have his price, but few have paid so dearly as George Wallace. ###

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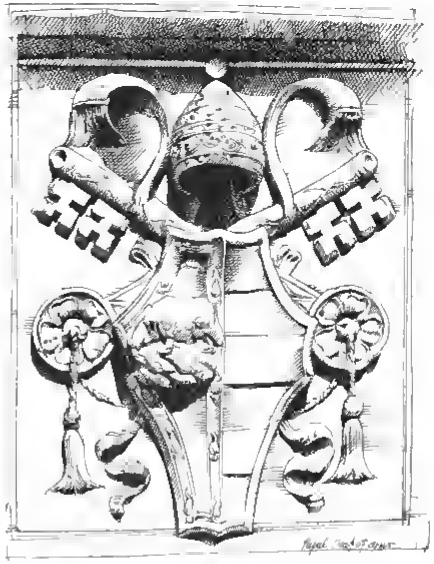
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The Colorburst 300 instant camera. Another first from Kodak.



The Agony of the Papacy

Every pope is afraid lest he discredit the faith passed on for his safekeeping

by Morris West

Pope John Paul I is dead and buried. The Roman pontiff was mourned with a display of affection rare in this cynical city and in our skeptical world. He was consigned to his resting place in a ritual that seemed suddenly redundant after the passing of Paul VI.

Now the cardinals, whose title translates literally as "the hinge men" of the Church, are assembled to elect John Paul's successor. Already some of them have adopted the catchwords of the press, telling us with bland confidence the kind of man they intend to elect: "A pastoral pope, a man of the people for the people, a man who will hold the ancient doctrine pure and restore the discipline of obedience and faith."

But discipline no longer comes easy to Christianity's largest church. The dogma of papal infallibility still strains the credulity of many of the faithful, it haunts every discussion about unity among Christian communities. Paul VI's birth control encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*, has put an enormous pressure on the consciences of Catholic couples, even the new confessional tolerance has done little to repair the damage the birth control issue has done to teaching authority. The demands for a married priesthood and the ministry of women have been avoided too long, destructuring the clergy at a time when the need for good servants of the Word has never been greater. The traditionalists like Bishop Lefebvre of Switzerland are in open revolt against Rome. And the young, still open to the gospel message, are indifferent to a theology that is expressed in the antique language of the medieval Schoolmen, they see it as totally irrelevant to their experience in a modern, revolutionary society, and they shrug off the stern fiats of the curia and bureaucratic congregations in Rome.

What the new pope will be able to do with his power, which is now radically diminished, and with his influence, which is more limited than ever before, is the nub and heart of the matter.

I confess that I found a curious irrelevance in the buzz of speculation about the new incumbent. A man does not become a cardinal, a prince of the Church, unless he has made a reputation as an obedient servant of the ecclesiastical system. The real question is whether a new pontiff in his winter years can break that mold and establish a new direction for the vast and various community of the faithful. To do so will require a very exceptional man indeed.

The papacy is by its very nature a paradox. The man who wears the Fisherman's Ring is by definition the successor of Peter the Fisherman, the rock upon which the Christian assembly was founded. His dominion is at once spiritual and temporal. On the one hand, he treats matters touching eternal salvation. On the other, he is a sovereign of a small but very rich principality with revenues from every parish in the world. He is bishop of Rome, metropolitan of an Italian see. The Romans will claim a preemption on his presence and his services. They will rely on him for employment, for the tourist trade, for the preservation of their historical monuments, and, to a large degree, for their political and economic stability. And the greater part of his court is Italian not just in ancestry but in character. If he cannot deal with it familiarly, he stands naked to palace intrigue and partisanship.

And yet, and yet... his duty is to a troubled and complex world extending far beyond the walls of Rome. If he proves a

Morris West, author of The Shoes of the Fisherman, *writes from Rome. He will publish his new book,* Proteus, *early next year.*

Illustrations by Paul Giovanopoulos

weak man, he will create a dangerous vacuum of power in the Mediterranean and an even more dangerous vacuum of morality in a world that is suffering the bloody terrors of pragmatic politics.

Here, precisely, is the shape of the first problem that will confront the new pontiff. He must be a universal man, concerned for all his fellows in the human condition. But concern will not suffice. The proclamation of age-old principles and doctrines will not be enough. He will be called upon, like his successors, to intervene by public word and secret act in the affairs of his time.

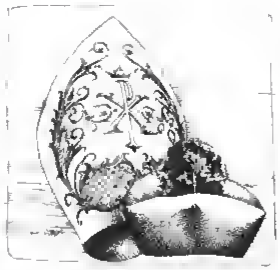
In so doing, he will be caught in the dilemma of all principality. The higher he stands, the more he sees of the world but the less he may discern the small determining factors of human existence. The danger for all rulers is that they begin to believe that history is the result of great generalities instead of the sum of millions of small particulars: that a proud man without shoes may starve before he presents himself at a place of employment unshod, that a petty, brutal bureaucrat may spark a revolution, that high blood pressure may plunge a great man, even a pope, into melancholy and despair, that a woman may sell herself to many men for money because she cannot give herself to any single man for love.

Even if his understanding and compassion embrace all these matters, he will have another problem yet: the limitation of his own mortal person. He cannot act at once and everywhere. He will suffer for delinquencies not his own. He will be forced to delegate—to the Roman bureaucracy, to local bishops, in the end to parish pastors throughout the world, good, bad, and indifferent. The voice that the faithful will hear will not always be the pope's voice. If he wants the world to listen, he must be done with rhetoric and tell us plain truth in plain words. But his ministers will urge him to speak, not in the vivid language of the street but in the guarded formality of the diplomat, fearful lest compassion and tolerance be interpreted as a license for unorthodoxy in belief or laxity in practice.



Sistine Chapel. He will be locked in a vast palace in the center of an old city surrounded by artifacts. He will rarely escape.

What will he say to the South American prelates who will be meeting shortly after his election at Puebla, in Mexico? He will not be able to duck or dilute the major issue with which they are faced: whether to



Miter and biretta. A man does not become a bishop or a cardinal, after all, unless he has won a reputation as an obedient servant.

throw the whole weight of Christian opinion behind the cause of the poor and the oppressed in the South American republics or whether to support, by perilous compromise, those dictators who abrogate human rights in the name of order and progress.

How will he direct those of the clergy and faithful who see no hope for the suffering poor except a swift revolutionary change? Will he, for fear of an accommodation with the Marxists, permit himself to be edged into an alliance with the dictators and their secret police? What will he say to the pastor who, even if he is prepared for personal martyrdom, revolts against the brutalities inflicted upon the people?

As custodian of the ancient faith, the new pope will be obliged to affirm the sanctity of the marriage bond, the inviolability of prenatal life. On the other hand, as a man and as a pastor, he will not be able to ignore, without hypocrisy, the plight of those who cannot marry, those whose marriages have broken down, and those whose families have been disrupted by poverty. Dare he condemn the actions of these unfortunates, who, without the support of human intimacy and sexual commerce, will lapse into madness or despair?

To these and for these also, he must speak as a father, not always with censure but with affection and tenderness. If he does not do so, if he gives them only the dusty moralisms of the theologian, they will turn away like rejected children.

Here again he will be caught in dilemma. He will be pledged, like every Christian, to the belief that man is a spiritual creature born to a final eternal destiny of union with the Creator or separation from Him. On the other hand, he will know that we humans are transient animals, battling desperately to assert our birthright to the best of the world for the short time we live in it. All of us, all at once, are asserting our claim to an identity and to the dignity that appertains to it. Our last enemy is time, and time is a relative dimension limited directly by our capacity to make use of it. Tomorrow is too late. *A man is saved or damned in the now.*

The pitfall for a pope is that he cannot affirm the Christian's identity as a son of God without understanding his nature as a son of man and how he has to grow in whatever garden he is planted, whether the ground is sweet or sour, whether the air is friendly or tempestuous. Eternity begins in time. A man must have the physical resources to survive before his spirit can grow to desire more material rewards.

Every pope carries upon his back the burden of two thousand years of history. He is afraid to discredit any of his august predecessors, lest in doing so he discredit the faith they have transmitted into his keeping. This fear can be not only a handicap but a real corruption of his pastoral mission. If he is to avoid it, he must take as his standing place the essential simplicity of the gospel message: "My little children, love one another." For a world that lives under the shadow of a mushroom cloud, the dialectic of dead dogmatists is a gross irrelevance.

The founder of Christianity lived and died a Jewish rabbi. By his own testimony, he came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it—to fulfill it by a divine act of human love. He sent out his first disciples with a very simple message: "When you enter, you will say 'Peace to this house.'" It was not a challenge to philosophical argument. It was not a command to political action. It was a benediction, a calling down of good upon an ungood and imperfect world.



St. John Lateran. Here not St. Peter's Basilica, is the seat of the bishop of Rome. But his duties extend far beyond Roman walls.

We need the same blessing today. There is a unity that popes and their ministers have neglected too often. It is the unity of men who suffer together a common existence, who delight in common joys, and who share the same confusions, regrets, and temptations. It is upon this unity that the new pope will need to build.

It is terrible to ask so much of one man in his late years. Yet once he is pope, it will be demanded of him. Of himself alone, he will not be able to give it; he will need wise and full men about him. Yet at the moment of his election, he will have only those the church provides: the wise, the foolish, the ambitious, the time-servers.

He will be locked in a vast palace in the center of an ancient city from which the imperial glory has long since departed. His travels—however wide he may wish to make them—will be limited by the whims and policies of secular states, some hostile, all fearful that the presence of Peter's successor may foment discontent or disorder.



St. Peter's. Here thousands will gather to hail the new pope. They will only return in such vast numbers to mourn his passing.

As a minister of the gospel, he can admit of no enemies. He must be open to a dialogue with any who wish to speak with him. Yet, always, he will be cautioned and monitored. His frankest speeches will be glossed over and interpreted by his curia and the Vatican press to make them safe and sanitary. So he will need great personal courage, great trust in the working of the Spirit in himself and in the world. He will need to recognize openly that honest error is a step toward a greater illumination of the truth, since it exposes to debate matters that might otherwise remain dangerously obscure.

In dealing with the dissidents in his own flock, he will need both patience and restraint. He will need to see and to say that the Church, like every family, has its homebodies and its adventurers. When its adventurers come home, scarred from their battles, he must receive them with the charity of Christ and protect them with gentleness against those who fare better only because they dare much less.

He must uphold the law, but he must recognize that the Church has made some bad laws that must be abrogated or reformed to accord with the fundamental law of Christian charity—and while his canon lawyers are still crabbing over their texts, he must be prepared to offer the tolerance and charity that, sometimes, his senior ministers will ignore.

The new pope must be a universal man, concerned for all his fellows in the human condition.

In his dialogue with the world, he must seek out whatever common ground is available—the ground of human brotherhood and the common legitimate hope of all mankind. He will remember—please God!—that Christ Himself proclaimed "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." To what Caesar? To a murderer perhaps, a brutal adventurer, a political assassin? Christ did not abrogate the conversation of the Church with such a one. On the contrary, He affirmed it as a duty common to the pontiff and to all believers.

But what will the new pope say to the Christians of Lebanon who paint the picture of the Virgin on the stocks of their rifles? What will he say to the South American dictator who attends the cathedral mass on Sunday and pays his torturers from the public purse? How will he greet those who seek a unity among the divided assemblies of Christendom? They will not all come back to Rome by way of Canossa with a halter around their necks. How will he treat the Marxist world? Will he remember—pray God he does!—the saying of the good Pope John: "I have tried to preserve my calm and balance while investigating and evaluating things and persons about me, concerned more with that which unites than with that which divides." How will he comfort his far-flung missionaries when the new dark age for Christianity spreads across Africa? What will he tell them for their survival or for their solace against an inevitable martyrdom?

These are terrible questions to put to one man—even the one who wears the Ring of the Fisherman and is supported by the loyalty of millions of the faithful. But face them he must in the tragic knowledge that his answers will always be incomplete, that if he has not learned the language of the heart, he will end by shouting to the deaf.

What I wrote fifteen years ago about a fictional pope still holds true: "You cannot retire from this place. Like it or not, you are condemned to a solitary pilgrimage from the day of your election until the day of your death. This is a Calvary, Holiness, and you have just begun the climb. Only God can walk with you all the way because he took on flesh to make the same climb himself. I wish I could tell you differently. I cannot." ††

Small Wonders



Victorian turrets adorn Haiti's Oloffson

by Stephen Birnbaum

A seasoned sybarite selects the very best of the small hotels in the Caribbean.

You hardly have to be Houdini to discover the Caribbean's generous quotient of Hiltons and Holiday Inns The pages of virtually every travel publication overflow with their full-color representations of island idylls, and the nearly ubiquitous toll-free numbers make them easy to contact

But finding the special small hotels that dot the Caribbean's three-dozen-odd islands is a whole other matter They are the hotels of which everyone dreams in his mind's eye but whose very existence is often hard to verify Meager advertising budgets and erratic travel agent advocacy make word of mouth the only real source of information—that is, until now For at no small personal sacrifice—to say nothing of endless hours spent swaying in sagging hammocks—we've managed to investigate and analyze virtually every island accommodation, separate the special from the seedy, and prepare this list of premier island enclaves These are the kinds of places of which dreams are made, and as is usually the case, the best is in considerable demand, so reservations for this year will be spotty And it's not at all too early to begin thinking of *next* winter

What you can look forward to in every case is a sort of personal attention and one-to-one thoughtfulness that doesn't exist elsewhere in the world in precisely the same way The hotel manager is always accessible—and is usually the owner Planned activities are less often the rule than enthusiastically active help with plans that you'd personally like to make—whether they involve chartering a yacht, packing a picnic, or moving your hammock to that pair of palms nearer the beach Other nice touches smiles and 'good mornings" that feel like they're meant staffs that do small favors without waiting around for big tips, fresh flowers in your room as a matter of course, and—oh, most blessed grace—a shelf of dog-eared paperbacks (left by previous guests) for that terrible moment when your own Agatha Christies run out

Be aware, however, that small hotels and inns are subject to things—natural and man-made—beyond stateside imagining and that their operation may be affected far more than larger, more self-sufficient hostelries So if your metabolism requires institutional pampering—ice machines and soda vendors, casinos and coffee shops, beauty shops and burgeoning boutiques—this list is not for you

But if you can find the romance in candlelit dining—in island parlance, "Generator, be out"—and revel in an occasional drink illuminated by a hurricane lamp, you'll likely find your own nirvana among the unique oases described below and on the following pages In every case, you'll be considering a resort apart

Stephen Birnbaum, Esquire's travel editor, is also the author of the forthcoming Get 'em and Go Travel Guide to the Caribbean, Bermuda and the Bahamas



Lying on sun-drenched beach occupied by little except an occasional scratch of your stomach is the whole idea

Petit St. Vincent Resort

Petit St Vincent Grenadines You feel like the world is really yours around here The entire 113-acre island is a single resort, and it all belongs to you You live in one of twenty-two native stone cottages that have been discreetly placed for maximum privacy plus the best of all possible views Some are set right on the island's beaches; some on the small breezy hills overlooking the sea The management is anti-hassle, and you won't be bothered by anyone or anything until you say the word or raise the flag by the door to summon room service—which arrives by Mini Moke At night cutthroat darts and good talk with visiting yacht folk Further information Petit St Vincent Resort, St Vincent (phone 8 480) via St Vincent)

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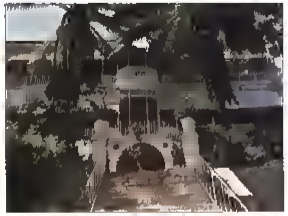
Port Antonio, Jamaica It's impossibly romantic even in the morning, when the sun finds rainbows in the spray of the waves crashing on the rocks below your terrace and a peacock trails across the lawn to join you for breakfast (a heartfelt "shoo" works wonders when you're tired of his companionship) Villas and a new main-house suite are all done in flower colors and bright prints and all the villa suites have patios and terraces Lunch is just lunch, but dinner is An Event, with the full white glove silver dome treatment and food that has earned membership in the Relais de Campagne For more information Trident PO Box 119, Port Antonio, Jamaica (phone 993-2602 or 993-2705)

Nisbet Plantation

Nevis This is the nicest kind of haunted hotel The land once belonged to the Widow Nisbet who eventually married Horatio Nelson (then Commander of the British fleet based in nearby Antigua), and all sorts of romantic stories linger about the property Though the house is a reconstruction (on the old foundations), the thirty acres of surrounding coconut trees were part of the original plantation A stay here is like stepping back into an earlier century—with a few present day diversions and some pleasant company added Dinners are served family style in a dining

room filled with polished antiques—some of them handed down through generations of Nisbets. On gala evenings, a string band plays for dancing. Rooms are tucked around the landscape in cottages named for old Nevis plantations. "Gingerlands" is the special find. For more information: Nisbet Plantation, Nevis (phone 5325).

Grand Hotel Oloffson



Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Nobody in his right mind would stay in the heart of downtown Port-au-Prince, except that the Oloffson is there. Some people whose names you know, and more you've never heard of, are absolutely addicted to this great Victorian wedding cake of a place—partly for its looks, more because Suzanne and Al Seitz run it the way they do. From the outside, it's all turrets, porches, and gingerbread flounces; inside, it has suites named for Sir John Gielgud, James Jones, Anne Bancroft—all of whom have been favored guests. Lunch on its veranda is where everyone—resident or visitor—finds out where it's at and where it's going: local characters straight out of Graham Greene's *Comedians* circulate freely. Except for the whimsy-and-wicker-clad suites, the rooms aren't remarkable, but the prices are quite reasonable. For more information: Grand Hotel Oloffson, PO Box 120, Port-au-Prince, Haiti (phone 2-0139).

Oyster Pond Yacht Club



JOSE LUIS LOPEZ

Oyster Pond, Sint Maarten. In spite of its nautical name, it's actually a small castlelike structure on a remote point of land on the far side of the Dutch portion of the island. Beautifully located, it's secluded from the rest of the world by sudden,

The hallmark of these places is the kind of personal attention that is unknown elsewhere.

up-and-down hills on one side and a blue lagoon and the sea on the other. Polished nautical antiques deck the flag room lobby; beyond it lies a sun-dappled patio and stairs that lead up to some of the best-looking rooms in the Caribbean. The beach (called Dawn) is perfect for swimming and picnicking, and for a quick dip, there's a natural shaped coral pool beside the hotel. A charter boat is at the ready to cruise to offshore islands. Food and drinks are first-rate, and there's never a crowd: forty guests at most plus a few drop-in yachtsmen. For more information: Oyster Pond Yacht Club, PO Box 239, Philipsburg, Sint Maarten (phone 2206 or 3206).

La Samanna



St. Martin. Where the likes of Redford and Cavett come to soak up some rays as anonymously as possible. The quarter-mile crescent of white-sand beach is merely perfect, and the Mediterranean-cum-Moorish design tends to heighten the aura of Arabian-nights mystique. Air-conditioning is absent in some rooms, but somehow the slowly rotating ceiling fans not only provide adequate ventilation but heighten the impression that you are involved in a scene straight out of *Casablanca*. The resort is chic, more than slightly sexy, and so expensive that you're tempted to try to pay your way in thirty-, sixty-, and ninety-day notes. And to add hunger to poverty, the room rates include no food. The dining room offers the haute-est cuisine on the island, and the pervasive French flavor is enhanced by a dash of Creole spice. Prices for meals can approximate the cost of a room, but lest you think these tariffs discourage visitors, there's a minimum booking of two weeks during the Christmas season. For more information: La Samanna, BP 97150, Baie Langue, St. Martin (phone 87 51-22 via Guadeloupe).

Biras Creek



BRIAN HAND

Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. It feels far away because it is—a half hour's taxi ride plus a boat ride (both complimentary) from the Virgin Gorda airstrip. But what a place to soak up sun and to unwind! The resort's 150 acres reach from a blue bay on one side, up and over a hill and then down again to the sea on the other. The thirty beachside suites are luxury in depth, right down to their shaggy rugs. Nothing showy, but lots of fine contemporary decor. The whole place is that way. It's as though a Scandinavian shipping-magnate/owner had sat in one of his own beach chairs musing on what might be pleasing. Here it is: airy bedrooms, sitting rooms (with small fridges stocked with rum and ginger ale), patios facing the sea, and discreetly walled outdoor showers that give you the feeling you're bathing in a waterfall. It's a five-mile hike (or bike trip) to town, but day sailing trips to other beaches are more fun and often include memorable picnics. At cocktail time, everyone sleeks up and gathers in the castle-shaped clubhouse on the heights for drinks, sunset viewing, and dinner. For more information: Biras Creek, PO Box 54, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands (phone 55455).

Castelets



Mount Lurin, St. Barthelemy. It's as though a small, very elegant part of France had been transplanted to an island mountaintop. French provincial antiques, handsome fabrics, and chic prints decorate its ten rooms—two cozy ones in the main house, eight more grouped in three hillclinging chalets—two with their own two-story living rooms and all with full-length balconies from which to enjoy the views of the neat little port city of Gustavia and the sea, beaches, hills, and valleys below. Meals are superb. If you're a fearless (and competent) driver, rent a car; otherwise the hotel will call an island cab to take you wherever you'd like to go. Breakfast and free liquor (but not wine) are included in the rates. So is the use of a library of tapes that ranges from Haydn to hustle. For more information: Castelets, Mount Lurin, St. Barthelemy, (phone 87-61-73).

Captain's Quarters



SUSAN WOOD

Windwardside, Saba. A very small, special place on a very small island, simple and friendly and soothing. The Victorian main house was once a sea captain's home, and accommodations include ten rooms (in two adjacent annexes) decorated with antiques and ingenuity (some four-poster beds, lots of wicker, bright colors, and hand-painted headboards). The rooms are big and pretty and comfortable, and there's a view from your outside balcony that sweeps the surrounding hillsides and valleys all the way to the sea. If you feel like moving off a bit, try a hike up Mt. Scenery, or ride down to the island's capital town—The Bottom—for a look around, or maybe just carry on down to the harbor where Saba Scuba Safaris (patronized by John and Caroline Kennedy) launches its diving boats. In the late afternoon, stroll up to Scout's Place for a cold beer and warm conversation. Sabans are people worth meeting. This is the perfect place to get back in touch with yourself—or with someone else you like a lot. For more information: Captain's Quarters, Windwardside, Saba (phone 2201).

Anse Chastenet Beach Hotel

Soufrière, St. Lucia. One of the great small island retreats, it's not a hotel in the usual sense but rather a cluster of octagonal cottages perched on cool green hillsides above the Caribbean. Most of the thirty-eight rooms have wraparound views of St. Lucia's twin trademark mountains—the jolly green Pitons—their lush valley, and the sun-glinted sea beyond. The view is beautiful, and so is the privacy—ideal for



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reading, writing loving, sleeping or just watching the bougainvillea ruffle in the breeze When you're ready, the beach is 125 steps down, a trip you aren't likely to make more than once a day But not to worry The fine gray sands below are equipped with a life-sustaining snack bar plus chaises, Sunfish, and snorkel gear At the end of the day, to reward your upward climb, the main building (another stack of octagons) offers a congenial bar, good company, and food to match For more information Anse Chastenet Beach Hotel, Soufriere, St Lucia (phone 7355)

Peter Island Yacht Club



Peter Island, British Virgin Islands· It's simple but sleek, supremely first-class, very expensive, and very Norwegian As a matter of fact, the neat A-frame chalets that house the resort's thirty-two guest rooms were all prefabricated in Norway, shipped out—with all their luxurious garnishings—then reassembled on Sprat Bay The adjacent sea and the palm trees that border it are completely West Indian Likewise the beach called Deadman's Bay, just over the hill, which is one of the island's most appealing, its bloodthirsty name notwithstanding The crowd that gathers for dinner each evening is tanned and glowing, and several nights a week a band comes over from Road Town to play for dancing. For more information Peter Island Yacht Club, PO Box 211, Road Town, Tortola, British Virgin Islands (phone 4-2561)

Mooshay Bay Publick House/Old Gin House

Oranjestad, St Eustatius The Publick House is the one on the land side of the road—a restored eighteenth-century cotton gin and warehouse now fitted out with snug pub, a cool, high-ceilinged dining room, and guest rooms overlooking the small garden pool The Gin House, with its terraced restaurant, is on the water side, with a few more rooms cantilevered over the black sand beach and the sea The atmosphere is nostalgic and casual The taste is flawless. And the road they bracket is the main street of what was once the richest port in the Caribbean There's plenty of time for reading, swimming, and strolls down the historic, ruin-lined shore Dinner

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is beautifully served (delftware and pewter, candles in tall crystal chimneys) and even better tasting. If you have to ask what else there is to do, you probably shouldn't be here. On the other hand, if you have too much to do everyplace else in your world, this could be your perfect spot to unwind. For further information: Mooshay Bay Publick House, St Eustatius, Netherlands, Antilles (phone 03 23-19). N.B. Omit "Oranjestad" from the mailing address unless you want to risk having it permanently detoured to Aruba.

Jamaica Inn



Ocho Rios, Jamaica. The setting is lush and green with palm trees and flowers, there's a small, perfect beach, and the rooms are not only pleasing to look at but marvelously comfortable to live in. Even more exceptional is the service. It's not just that the nice lady arrives early to make up your room in the morning (though well after you've taken your own sweet time to wake up) but that mussed beds and soggy towels are continually plumped up and picked up (and your bed is turned down for the night) without your having to ask or hang tags on the door. On the whole, if you had dreamed up your own perfect island inn, it would probably be a lot like this one. At night, some of the prettiest and tastiest meals for miles around are served on the terrace here, the flavor is deliciously Continental, the setting is candlelit and on the formal (ties and jackets) side. Most evenings in winter (and some in summer), there's a band to dance to; once a week, there's a show. For further information: Jamaica Inn, PO Box 1, Ocho Rios, Jamaica (phone 974-2516).

The Golden Lemon

Dieppe Bay, St. Kitts. A graceful, antique Great House rescued from ruin by Arthur Leaman, retired decorating editor of *House & Garden*, and run by him with great taste and tender, loving savoir faire. There are only ten rooms (seven doubles, three singles), but each has its individual scheme and theme (Victorian, paisley, lemon, and so on), decorated with just the right blend of wit and charm. There's a small swimming pool and a big, seal-smooth, black-sand beach. Your fellow guests are often involved in the arts: theater, tv show biz, or all of the above; the atmosphere is sophisticated house party. And the food alone (meat flown in from New York, plus island fish, lobster, and luscious fruits treated to just the right spicing and saucing) is worth the trip. For more information: The Golden Lemon, Dieppe Bay, St. Kitts (phone 7260).

Planned activities are not the rule: Doing whatever you want to is the whole point.

Young Island

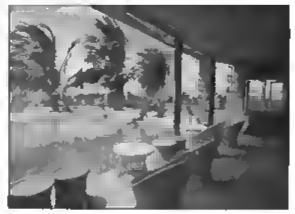
St. Vincent. If Gauguin had headed west instead of east, he might have found barefoot happiness on Young Island, with its central indoor-outdoor buildings surrounded by gardens and its individual Tahitian cottages with bamboo and khuskhus decor, ceiling fans, and outdoor showers. Pretty beach, small pool, water sports and lots of relaxing (in lots of hammocks). New tennis court. From time to time, small bands of islanders ferry across the 200-yard channel to make music for dancing. Otherwise, it's just sociable talk over brandy. For more information: Young Island, St. Vincent (phone 84826).

Plantation de Leyritz



Basse Pointe, Martinique. In this former eighteenth-century manor house, life still moves with ease and grace. Way off the beaten path, it's an ideal spot for inaction and it's a place, especially, for anticipating the meals of Madame, whose cuisine, a blend of haute and Creole, has won many awards. The rooms of the main house are the biggest and handsomest, decorated with island antiques and provincial prints; ask for one of them or a room in the carriage house across the way. There are also a few offbeat accommodations in the stone cottages that once housed the resident slaves. Service here can be cavalier, and the outside guests for lunch are an occasional distraction, but the setting is such to make one willing to accept far greater inconveniences. Further information: Plantation de Leyritz, Basse Pointe, 97-2-18, Martinique (phone Basse Pointe 75-33-08 or 75-33-70).

The Cotton House



Mustique, the Grenadines. This very small isle is Princess Margaret's personal Caribbean play place (she has a house here), and the people with whom you will share it are apt to be peers in cutoffs or barefoot (but well heeled) Americans. This hostelry was once part of a working plantation, and it has been superbly refurbished and decorated by Oliver Messel with intriguing English and Caribbean antiques. Guest's suites are in separate cottages, all very pretty and comfortable. Perhaps because the hotel has so few guests (twenty-two at the most), the welcome seems especially pleasant and personal. For more information: The Cotton House Hotel, Mustique, St. Vincent (phone 8-4621 or 8-4622 via St. Vincent).

Curtain Bluff Hotel

Antigua. Cottagelike rooms ramble along the beach-lined edges of a breeze-catching peninsula that pokes into the Caribbean on the island's south side. Dedicated to (at most) 100 guests who enjoy the best of island sport (and who don't mind being very comfortable and personally catered to while they do), this peaceful oasis offers not only pleasing rooms but impeccably maintained Sunfish sailboats, waterskiing, snorkel and scuba gear. Nothing flashy—just quality down to its tennis socks. Added cachet comes from the fact that Temple Fielding's former Caribbean flacks hated the joint. The beach bar, shaded by plume fronded palms, is where most daytime action is centered. Later, it all moves to the covey of buildings set among lush foliage, that house the patio bar, lounge, and breeze conditioned dining room. In season, a different island band (flute, steel, calypso) comes around to play almost every night, in summer, Mr. Lynch's Reed Band struts calypso once a week. For information: Curtain Bluff Hotel, Antigua (phone 3-1067, 3-1068). ✠

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This rewired and refinished traffic signal light is six feet tall (including the base) and comes with a switch that allows the lamp lights to flash on and off or to remain on all the time. It sells for $270, but write to Benchmark Advertising, Box 2051, Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137, for the shipping charges.



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As soon as a hand or key touches the Entry Alert, a piercing sound goes off. The alarm is $24.95 (add $1.50 for postage. California residents add 6-percent tax) from Hennıker's, 779 Bush Street, Box 7584, San Francisco, Calif. 94120.



All Decked Out

Jensen's R430 stereo cassette receiver has a separate trunk-mounted sixty-watt amplifier with bi-amplified audio output. It incorporates Dolby noise-reduction circuitry, independent bass and treble controls with loudness compensation and interstation muting. (Whew!) The unit is priced at $529.95 at those stores that sell Jensen products.



ROBERTO IROSAN

Flame Up

The tiny integrated circuitry in Ronson's lighter responds to the slightest touch of a finger. In 18K gold with inlaid enamel, it's $145. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago; Burdine's, Miami.



Timely

A thoroughly modern, graphic way to watch the year go by: this 1979 appointment book designed by Don Ruddy. It's $10 at Abitare, 212 E. 57 St., New York. Goods Department Store, 11-23 Boylston St., Cambridge; F.O.B., 1917 Westwood Blvd., L.A.



Making Tracks

The Honda ATC 110 motorcycle tractor comes equipped with a 105cc single-cylinder engine, an automatic clutch, and three-wheel tractability and sells for $898 at your local American Honda Motor Co. dealer.



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From the Porsche people comes a new stainless steel watch. Made in Switzerland, the 25-jewel weatherproof chronograph with automatic movement, costs $650 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, San Francisco.

Photographs by Raeanne Giovanni

by Edward Sorel

Warning: National Security May Be Hazardous to Your Health

In 1968, Health, Education and Welfare officials were informed by private research sources that exposure to the metal beryllium could cause fatal respiratory disease and cancer. After months went by without government actions (beryllium is a critical component in aerospace and nuclear industries), a Massachusetts researcher threatened to make her findings public. At that point, a senior HEW official wrote a memo, warning: "This would be a bombshell if her views would ever get into print." To avoid such a bombshell, the government initiated its own tests, and when they found strong evidence of the metal's danger as a human poison and carcinogen, they did the only thing possible under the circumstances: They ordered more tests.



Finally, in 1976, the Labor Department's Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) finished adding up the corpses and concluded that perhaps the 30,000 workers who are exposed to beryllium dust and fumes *should* have a bit more protection. They proposed new regulations cutting worker exposure from two micrograms to one microgram per cubic meter of air.

The two companies that produce beryllium insisted that they could not meet the proposed standard with current technology. Suddenly, HEW started getting a lot of phone calls from industrial fat cats and capital politicos strongly suggesting the proposed new standards were ill-advised. Senator John Glenn, whose home state of Ohio manufactures the stuff, went straight to the top and began badgering Joseph A. Califano Jr., HEW Secretary, for an independent review of the whole issue. At this point, Mr. Califano, whose concern with preventing lung cancer from cigarettes is well publicized, decided to take a more tolerant attitude toward cancer from beryllium. He wrote a letter to Glenn promising that yet another review of the beryllium matter would be undertaken.

Here the matter might have disappeared for another ten years had not the bullheaded James R. Schlesinger entered the china shop. Mr. S., who had previously served his country as head of the CIA and Defense, is now, as all the world knows, head of the Energy Department. On August 30, he wrote Ray Marshall, Secretary of Labor, saying that a study by his department concluded that the cost of meeting the proposed exposure standards for beryllium would drive the only two non-Communist producers of the metal out of business and cut off the U.S. supply. "The loss of beryllium production capability," he wrote, "would seriously impact our ability to develop and produce weapons for the nuclear stockpile and, consequently, adversely affect our national security."

In other words, the national security of this nation depends on us not doing anything to protect the lives of 30,000 Americans.

If this is patriotism, I'll take subversion. ##

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